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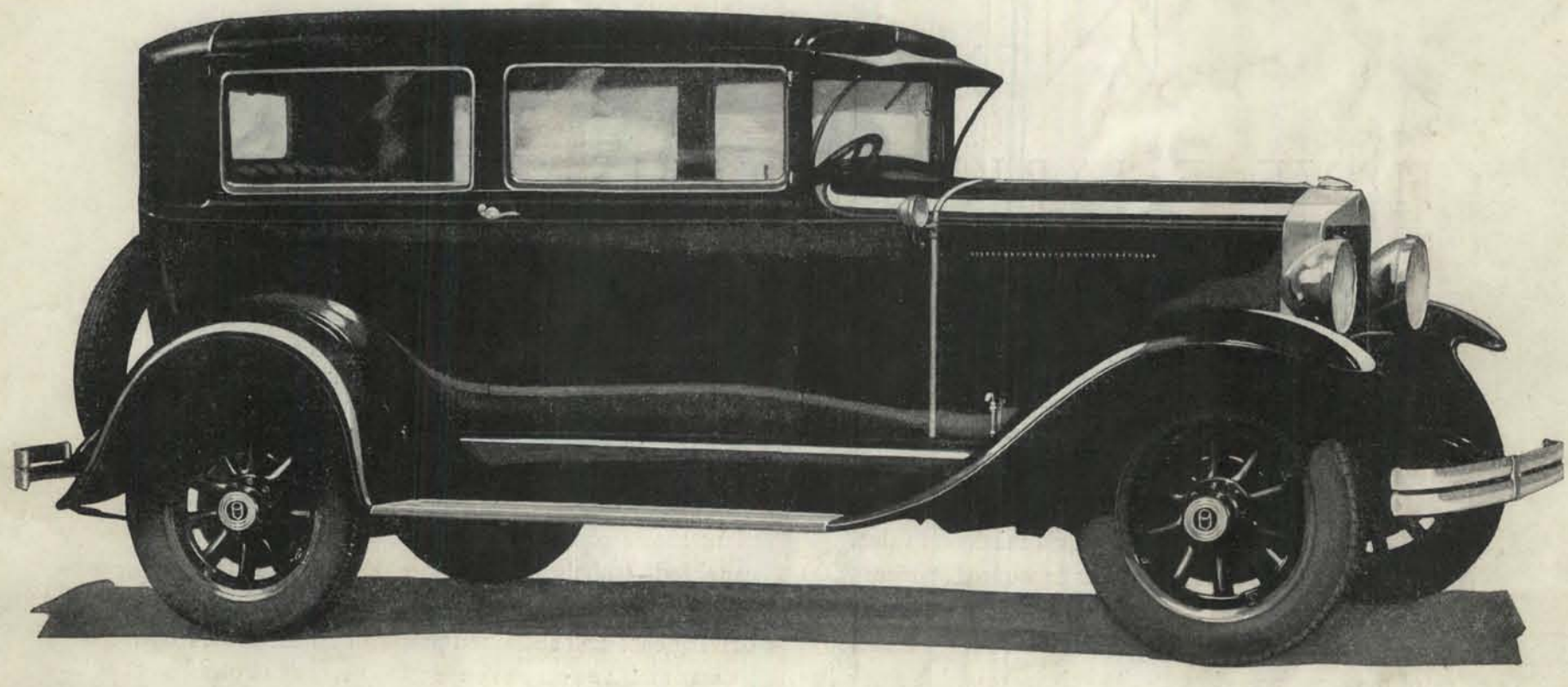

GRAHAM-PAIGE

June 1929

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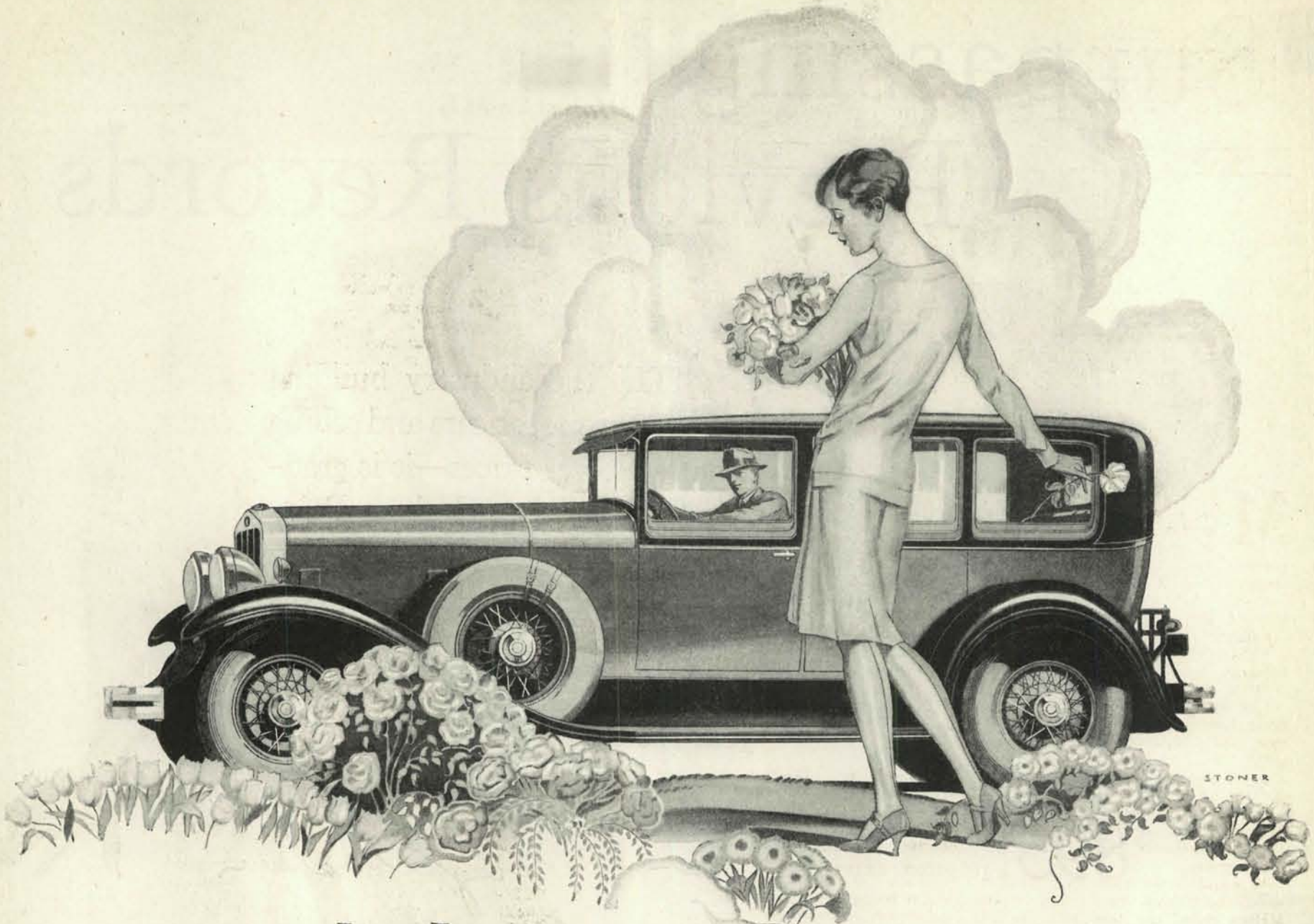

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Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Springfield, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio.

$2 a year United States and Canada

Collier's
The National Weekly

Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio. Executive and Editorial Offices at 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Copyright, 1929, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain.

$4 a year foreign countries

VOLUME 83 JUNE 1, 1929 NUMBER 22

A Far Cry

The singular tale of a movie actress, two men, and a temperamental rooster, as narrated by one of Hollywood's most distinguished historians

By Frank Condon

McBAN and Joyce opened Monday afternoon at the Alcazar, went on at three o'clock, came off at twenty after three and plunged into a business conference five minutes later. McBan stood in the open doorway and glanced coldly at Joyce, who was sitting before a mirror removing paint.

"That's the last word, is it?" McBan inquired.

"It is," replied Joyce.

"All right. We play out the week, finish here on Sunday night, and after that, you'll earn your living by yourself."

Joyce nodded gravely.

"If any," added McBan.

"Don't worry about me," said Joyce. "I ate regularly before I met you."

"Washing dishes," sneered the one in the doorway.

"I would rather wash dishes than do some other things," retorted Joyce, and McBan closed the door with needless violence and moved away. Joyce sighed and scraped at the paint. A theatrical career was coming to an unhappy conclusion. An old established firm was breaking up in a spirit of animosity, and solely because McBan desired Joyce to marry him, which gentle deed Joyce refused to do; and refused with feminine emphasis.

The team had been together for one year over the Gus Lewis Circuit, plenty long enough for Sam McBan to fall grievously in love with his youthful assistant, who came when called by the pleasant name of Haidee. She was twenty and McBan was forty, which is not always an insuperable situation, but happened to be in this instance.

McBan possessed, among other interesting properties, teeth which he could remove separately and inspect for signs of wear, and when a young girl contemplates a middle-aged man inspecting his molars for one year over the Gus Lewis Circuit, it is comparatively easy to stifle her sentimental tendencies.

SAM McBAN had been known for many years in the smaller cities as an able imitator of animals and machinery. He can impersonate a cross-cut saw passing through a pine knot better than the great Swedish cross-cut saw artiste who created the illusion. His technique, with regard to a brace of cats fighting, while tied to the same clothes line by their tails, is well nigh inimitable, and he originated the tug coming up a foggy harbor, a train emerging from a tunnel and the seal strangling in a rain-barrel.

Everyone in the profession admits that Sam McBan stands high in his art, including Sam, but omitting Haidee Joyce. She never liked him, especially as a companion for moonlight rides, which was always Sam's notion of true friendship with a lady. After a year, Haidee detested him and was forced to admit it.

"No, I will not marry you, Sam," she declared, not once, but twenty times. "I could never love you. . . . I'm working for you. You're my boss. Let's let it go at that."

"Why can't you like me?" he asked gloomily, as many a man has done before him.

"I just can't think of you as a sweetheart, so why not forget it and be plain friends?"

SAM grumbled, argued, and tried being plain friends for another month or two, after which time he turned sour and vindictive and began making veiled threats. At the conclusion of some especially bitter remarks, he informed his assistant that her job was insecure.

"I've been pretty good to you," he said rancorously, "without getting any gratitude. I gave you your start in the theatrical game and treated you right. Where would you be without me? If you're going to act like this, we'll quit the business."

"You mean," Haidee asked in genuine disbelief, "that because I won't marry you, you'll break up the act?"

"That is what I mean. You've got a nice job with me now, and maybe your next one won't be so sweet. We will be in Los Angeles, and I will be O. K., for I can step right into these new talking movies."

Haidee was forced to smile.

"That's right. Laugh! You'll be laughing less when you go back to the dishwashing."

It was an unjust jibe. Haidee, at the very outset of her career, had served meals in a refined boarding house in Milwaukee. Sam invariably referred to it as dishwashing.

"I suppose you think you can get another job in vaudeville, once you lose this," he growled, and Haidee was forced to listen, for he was her employer.

"I," repeated Haidee cheerfully, "was eating before I ever saw you, Sam. Don't be a fool about your act. Also, don't count too much on the talking movies, because that's just silly."

The specialty was followed by polite applause which any audience gives a performer who is just a nice little girl trying to get along

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"Silly!" Sam shouted. "Do you know that they need people like me? Now that the silent drama can speak, they require real artists."

"Yes, and if you break up this act, you'll live to be sorry."

"Will you marry me?"

"I will not."

"Then the act is hereby busted up. We're quitting at Los Angeles."

"Where the movies are," said Haidee, in deep and wasted sarcasm.

"Yes, where the movies are," Sam snorted.

THE team arrived in Los Angeles, and Sam gloomily imitated saws, jackasses, trains, cats, dogs, roosters and the cry of a baby. Haidee performed her slight duties ably, clad in blue or pink garments which revealed her figure nicely, and at each performance, in addition to handing Sam saws and empty bottles, she whistled her Mocking Bird specialty, accompanied by the orchestra of the Alcazar.

There is, as all know who attend vaudeville shows, nothing singular in the spectacle of a pretty girl whistling the Mocking Bird. In Sam's act, it merely added a pleasant touch, and Haidee was exceptionally clever at putting in the trills everyone expects from a girl whistler. The specialty was always followed by polite applause which any audience gives a performer who is obviously just a nice little girl trying to get along.

On Saturday night Sam handed Haidee her weekly wage. Her manner was without resentment.

"You're going to be sorry," she said. "You had a nice act, Sam."

"You take the sympathy," he retorted grimly, "because you're going to need it. I'm all right. I'm going to crash into these here movies, where they can now use every last thing in the act. I'm already dickering to do short talking subjects, and I'll have all the money in the world. Where will you be?"

"Starving to death, of course," Haidee admitted cheerfully. "Little girl gets tough break in movie metropolis."

They parted, not enemies, but still and all, not very good friends, after one year of artistic association. Sam took rooms in a large hotel, and, as he described it, he dickered with the talking motion pictures which seemed at the instant to be setting the world on fire.

He put it to the sound moguls straight. Would, or would they not like to have him imitate a motor horn in the distance or the hum of an approaching monoplane, at the same time displaying his humorous gymnastics for the camera? The ranting movies replied that it might be quite interesting, but that it would be better to wait a bit. So Sam waited. He strolled about Hollywood with a supercilious smile, which was totally wasted, for Hollywood cannot tell when a smile is supercilious, or when the owner has been drinking a bit.

Meanwhile, Miss Haidee Joyce, formerly an actress, as you might say in a moment of generosity, took her two modest suitcases to one modest room in a back street and there regarded the shattered fragments of a career. She was happy. It gave her great joy not to be pestered by Sam McBan. She was a free, independent soul, a spirit released, and after counting her cash reserves, and glancing at her array of talents, she decided it would be better all around to continue the old custom of eating food.

Furthering this notion, she entered the employment of Joseph, who also is a specialist and who operates Joe's Restaurant on the Boulevard, a food bazaar catering to those of humble means. The customers were all sorts, beginning with booted cowboys and winding up with men who owned cinnamon bears. She made a pretty picture behind the silver coffee machine and Joe gave her fifteen dollars a week and all the plain food she could tuck away.

A cameraman's business is to observe; and within twenty-four hours of her advent, Paul Berry, a cameraman, noticed that Joe's was getting better.

"Where did you come from?" he asked, being a direct lad. And because he had blue eyes that twinkled and a funny chin, Haidee replied that she was an expert coffee girl and always had been. She placed her trim elbows upon the food bar and surveyed Paul and his open-faced shirt.

"Are you one of these movie people?" she inquired in honest curiosity.

"Second camera," Paul said. "Belong to the union and all. Want to see my button?"

He grinned and Haidee observed that he would never have to remove any of his teeth for purposes of inspection.

"You're quite a kid to be working in a joint like this," he remarked.

"You heard somebody say that," smiled Haidee and there began the acquaintance which immediately dashed headlong into hot romance, at least on the part of Mr. P. Berry. He concealed his ardor at first, confining his conversation to harsh criticism of Haidee, humorously put, which in no way deceived her. He was quite rough in his manner. He drank more coffee than he required and ate, apparently, six or seven meals a day.

THERE was a morning when Joe's was comparatively quiet, having only one customer. The customer was Paul, gnawing his way through a totally needless doughnut, toying with chilled coffee and pretending to read the morning paper, and at the remote end of the bar, Haidee polished a cup in the shadow of the silver coffee urn. She whistled betimes, her spirit being lively, and Paul listened. She whistled Oh, Listen to the Mocking Bird, as naturally she would, and light steam from the coffee silo floated about her curly head and made little haloes, or at least they seemed haloes to the stricken and coffee-soaked youth. When she trilled, Paul sat up.

"Hey, you," he shouted over the paper top in his gruffest way. "Where did you get that stuff?"

"Me?" asked Haidee, abandoning the Mocking Bird in mid-air.

"I didn't know you could whistle."

"There are three other things you don't know about me," she returned pertly.

"Yeah, but that's whistling," Paul continued, putting aside his pose of harshness. "I dunno I ever heard any better, and that gives me a swell hunch."

Haidee looked politely interested.

"I'm gonna take you over to the shop and put you in the Moviephonic."

"You're going to what and what is it?" she inquired, and Paul thrust his newspaper aside and grew warmly animated. The Moviephonic, as Haidee should have known, is the newsreel with sound effects, the talking newspaper of the films. Mr. Berry labored in the vineyard of Moviephonic, a twister of camera cranks in the news department, ever ready to trot forth and photograph the latest boardwalk baby parade or entomb upon deathless film, with sound, the beautiful parachute girl who always seems to be falling from an airplane.

"You come over to our joint," he continued in hearty tones, looking at the damsel with moist admiration, "and whistle your Mocking Bird for the Moviephonic. That's the talking newsreel. What's your home town, baby?"

"Perrysburg, Ohio, but why drag that into the light?"

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

With tremendous gusto, he flapped his arms and scratched the ground with

"Beautiful Perrysburg Society Girl Whistles Mocking Bird Beneath Historic Cherry Tree," Paul continued unabashed. "What's your name, baby?"

"It isn't baby. It's Haidee Joyce."

"Lovely Haidee Joyce, Accomplished Whistler, Leaving for Europe to Whistle for Crowned Heads," Paul rambled on. "We'll dig up a dress with flounces on it and a floppy hat."

"How much do you pay," Haidee inquired politely, "for such work?"

"Pay?" echoed Paul in wrath. "You ought to be tickled to death to crash into the newsreels. We've had society dames get down on their knees. I suppose you make so much dough chasing saucers around this joint you can't take a half hour off."

AFTER considerable discussion, largely acrimonious, an agreement was reached, Paul indicating the desirability of stepping up into the public eye along with United States Senators, tennis champions and prize-winning hens, and Miss Haidee Joyce consenting to visit the Moviephonic Studios in Hollywood and be shot for the spouting screen. Paul steadfastly maintained that his find was a society bud, and studio officials set up a decorative background of apple blossoms such as Perrysburg never dreamed of, provided a small bird for Haidee to fondle and a frilly dress, and the young society damsel from Joe's Eatery entered the studio and whistled her Mocking Bird pastoral with unusual dash and finish. Paul stuck to his fiction that the subject was pure society and a newsreel studio rarely gives a whoop about minor facts as long as the girl is piquant.

Haidee was charming in her flouncy costume. Paul Berry stood transfixed during the ceremony of the shooting. Cameras ground away happily and the open-mouthed mike seized the Mocking Bird melody from Haidee's red lips and thrust it into a tin can for subsequent entertainment of lonely souls who depend upon the movies.

When it was over, Haidee trotted back to Joe's in time for the noon rush and the second cameraman presently entered smiling.

"Kid," he announced, "I don't want to get you all puffed up, but you cer-

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his toes in such a realistic manner that even Paul Berry was impressed. The rooster stared at Sam with a cold and glassy eye

tainly are a noble sight when you are dressed in ruffles."

"I am always a noble sight," Haidee responded, "and I still think they ought to pay me at least thirty-five dollars."

Paul ignored the vulgar financial attitude of his lady love.

"And another thing you don't know about," he continued with rising animation. "You're lucky. You're just naturally a lucky dame. Now Sawyer wants to see you."

"Who's he?"

"Buck Sawyer is a director. He makes these regular drama motion pictures for our joint, all full of heroines and betrayed husbands. He happened to walk by our set while you were whistling, and you look good to him. So he spoke to me."

Haidee tremblingly set down a slab of pie.

"Does this mean I might be going to get a job?" she inquired.

"Maybe. Anyhow, Buck wants you to come on over and see him. He'll make some tests of you. Personally, I think you'll screen pretty slick, and I ought to know, oughtn't I?"

Miss Joyce passed her tests nicely, as Paul expected, and Mr. Sawyer declared himself pleased with the young person's charm, vivacity, walk, eyes, nose, personality and other features.

"How would one hundred a week be?" he inquired, prepared to go a trifle higher, and Haidee replied that her idea of everything being perfect was just one hundred a week. She therefore entered the motion picture industry as a raw recruit and gave Joe back his apron. Her voice was low and pleasing and registered well.

"You got me to thank for all this," Mr. Berry declared with the usual modesty of the male who has just done a kind deed.

"I know it," Haidee replied. "I suppose you'll want to begin kissing me now."

"Yeah," Paul said brazenly, "and, furthermore, what would you think about marrying a guy like me?"

"Heavenly cookies!" she cried, making a gesture of despair with a fork, "am I in for it all over again! Does it go with these jobs? Paul Berry, if you start that, I won't take the job at all."

"What's the matter? Don't you like me?"

"Certainly I like you. You're a nice boy. I wouldn't want to know a nicer boy. But as a special favor, Paul, please will you let me try out this new job a while without fighting over—over—"

"Over our marriage," he said helpfully.

Haidee flushed faintly and nodded.

"All right, kid," Paul returned. "I'm a good sport. Only remember one thing. If you feel like marrying anybody, think of me first, for I am nuts about you, baby, and if any of these studio moths start getting fresh with you, it simply means I'm in jail for murder."

MEANWHILE, Mr. Samuel McBan strolled about the town of the movies, haughtily at first, waiting for someone to feel the need of high-class imitations, with sound, and later on, with the concealed uneasiness of an artist who wonders whether his presence in the community is noted.

As time fled, he perceived the foolishness of paying twelve dollars a day at the Royal Grand Obelisk and moved to less pretentious quarters in an actors' lodging. The talking films staggered along without him. Occasionally he thought of Haidee and of how she must be suffering without the weekly check.

That brisk young lady played several minor bits for Buck Sawyer and fought off the tender advances of the second cameraman, who would have married her out of hand and starved happily thereafter. Almost at once, Paul had himself transferred from news to drama so that he could be near the light of his soul.

"You foolish kid," Haidee argued. "I make more salary than you do. And when I marry, I am not going to keep on working."

"Well, what if I get to be first camera?"

"I'm not promising anything. I'm an A. P. O. N. girl."

"What's that?"

"Ain't puttin' out nothin'," smiled Haidee. "But when you are first camera and drawing two hundred and fifty per week, we'll see about it."

Paul declared himself satisfied and forebore to press the lady further, and in time Mr. Buck Sawyer herded his organization into motor cars and dashed away to the mountain country to shoot a burlesque tale of bootleggers, Kentucky stills and a mountaineer's daughter beset by fate and played timidly by Miss Haidee Joyce.

Mr. Sawyer selected Sunland County, which is full of tall raw-boned mountains and pine trees, and began his arduous task. Among those present when the company assembled was Mr. Paul Berry, ready to crank diligently on Camera Two, and to keep motion picture actors from annoying a certain party.

In no time at all, Buck collided with a knotty technical problem and his staff wasted two days pampering a rented and guaranteed rooster that refused to perch upon the stump of a tree and crow, not only for the camera, but for the omnivorous mike.

There was nothing novel about the rooster problem, for the male hen is frequently used in silent drama to indicate the ushering in of a fresh dawn. Buck Sawyer's job was complicated, for he was about to make an outdoor movie, a talking outdoor movie, with plenty of sound sequences, and at a time in the advance of the art when experts declared you could not make a talking movie in the great open spaces.

Buck's company decided to defy precedent, precedent at the moment being one inch long. He would make an outdoor tale, full of healthy outdoor sounds, such as horses clomping, cows softly mooing, the rattle of whiffletrees and mountaineers spitting upon a hot stove.

"This rooster," Buck stated, rubbing his head and using an outdoor word before the noun, "this rooster is beginning to provoke me."

The staff felt (*Continued on page 46*)

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"Old Times Dar Are Not Forgotten"

By James C. Derieux

Prohibition and the boll weevil hit South Carolina at the same time. And the former saved the state from the financial disaster threatened by the latter. Today farmers call cornstalks "whisky bushes," and say that a cornfield is good for so many gallons to the acre. Prohibition has done other things, too; it has diminished the number of visible drunks on the streets; it has cut down drinking and crime among the Negroes; it has brought education and riches to many "poor white trash." That's why the better people of South Carolina vote solidily for prohibition—and drink at least as much as they ever did!

Illustrated by A. J. Frueh

The Indiana statutes provide some interesting reading

Red marks on a South Carolinian's nose means he has either been wearing glasses or drinking liquor out of a fruit jar

Planting corn solved the prohibition and boll-weevil problems in South Carolina

ON a recent visit to South Carolina I was having dinner with a high official of his church. He is orthodox, fundamental and active in many good causes, giving liberally of his money and lavishly of his time. On the occasion of this informal dinner he asked me, before we went into the dining-room, to come back into his reading den and sample his "ros'near wine." That's an affectionate nickname for corn liquor, "ros'near" being a contraction of "roasting ear."

"I hire a nigger to make this for me," he said. "He's a fine old man and doesn't make it for any but the very best people—won't deal with law-breakers at all. A whole bunch of us have arranged to take his output. He's got a nice, clean still over in that big swamp. I go and get mine whenever I need it."

My friend's sister came in, and seeing the bottle, she insisted that I try some of her favorite concoction, which she made herself. It was a sort of after-dinner drink, made by pouring raw corn whisky, or alcohol, over crushed orange peel, and then leaving it for several months. This woman, by the way, is one of the finest characters I have ever known. (I am telling the story not to reflect upon her or her brother, but to illustrate a viewpoint.)

Hard Liquor Gets into Society

We had dinner, and the talk inevitably got 'round to prohibition.

"When did you change over and become a wet?" I asked my friend.

"Me? Wet? I'm not wet!" he answered.

And, politically, he isn't. He can engage in a conspiracy to violate and can otherwise violate both state and federal liquor laws and still be a prohibitionist in South Carolina. Elsewhere, too, for South Carolina is typical of other states, where many a gentleman votes dry with his tongue in his cheek, his corkscrew in his pocket and his fingers crossed. It's no trick at all for a prohibitionist to drink to the success of prohibition.

I told this story to a friend of mine in Charleston, South Carolina—told it with some amazement. But he seemed unimpressed. "There's nothing unusual about that," he said. "Last winter I attended fifteen parties, and corn-liquor cocktails were served at every one. Everybody knows how to doctor corn so that it makes a first-rate drink."

"Were these wild parties?" I asked.

"Oh, no! They were merely small gatherings to play cards or to talk, and all of them were in the very best homes. You know I don't go with a gay crowd."

Drinking hard liquor was not socially proper in South Carolina until recent years. Formerly a man who got drunk was ostracized by grown-ups and run from by children. People talked about him, and looked forward to the coming of the summer evangelistic meeting, hoping that he might be converted. But now a fellow may, on occasion, get "corned up" and suffer no ill effect, socially.

Within the past month a New Yorker, who has tremendous financial interests in South Carolina, said to me, "Where do those fellows down there get all that liquor? Every time I visit the state they offer me drinks from morning to night." And a retired Army officer, a brigadier general, said: "I was in your state some time ago. Talk about southern hospitality—they certainly distill a lot of it down there!"

A sober, thoughtful young South Carolinian told me last week: "When you go to a dance, card party, reception or whatnot, and liquor isn't served, it's a punk party. Everyone has his friend who is a bootlegger, and each fellow brags about the corn liquor he is serving to you. Before prohibition I never saw young girls drinking, but they do now. At some of the college dances they have liquor in water coolers, and you have got to ask which cooler is which if you want to be sure to get a drink of water."

An old gentleman, who lives up in the mountain section of the state, and whose delight is associating with young folks, said somewhat ruefully, "I have remonstrated with the boys about taking hip flasks with them when they go calling, but they tell me the girls expect it."

These men I have quoted are all of the highest character. Not one of them is a drinker, except in a casual, polite way; and only one of them has any definite feeling about prohibition either pro or con. Judging from what they told me and from my own careful observation, I am forced to conclude that in South Carolina public sentiment is on the side of the gentleman who breaks the law in moderation.

Civilized by Prohibition

For instance: Some time back a group of enforcement officers slid into an old and honorable little village, where many families of distinguished name still reside. The officers raided prominent homes, and in all or most of them they found, according to their story, violations of the law. But that fact didn't save these officers from a storm of protest. The feeling was hot against them. Why? Because they had raided prominent homes, so I am informed, instead of humble homes. Nothing ever came of this raid except this exhibition of feeling. In effect, each community is left to decide which people within its borders shall have the privilege of breaking the law. They have local option of a sort.

One day last winter a friend of mine was hunting in the waste regions of the Carolina coast. Only a few of the fine families remain in those lowlands that in ante-bellum days knew perhaps the most glorious civilization America had produced. The population now is made up mostly of Negroes and impecunious whites.

In front of a small hut, my friend saw a handsome car. In the yard was another car, equally fine.

In the old days he would have concluded that someone was very ill, and that two doctors had come out from Charleston. But that wasn't the explanation. This pinelander, doomed until prohibition to the lowly life of a lazy "po' white," had gone into the liquor business. Those cars were his.

"It's funny about that man," ex-

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for the South Carolina Senator

plained my friend. "I have known him all my life, and have often given him something to eat. But now he's well-to-do. He owns those cars, is building a nice home and two of his children are off at school. Liquor did it. He runs it in from the coast. And what's true of him is true of many another man. Prohibition has certainly civilized this part of the world! A lot of these fellows are making so much money out of breaking the law that they are about to become gentlemen. It makes me laugh—we prohibition fellows used to say that prosperity would follow the dry laws, and it surely has, but not in the way we expected!"

In this same section it so happened that there was a man who did not violate the liquor law. But even so, he had money and with some of it he bought a yacht. It was the first yacht ever owned on that particular tidal creek, and he was very proud of it.

"Won't these fellows around here look up to me now!" he said.

But he was mistaken, for no sooner had it got out that his boat was the fastest on the coast, than one of his neighbors, whom he thought desperately poor, offered him a clear profit of $1,500 over the price he had paid for that yacht. The man who needed the fast boat, was, of course, a rum-runner and at the moment had plenty of money.

Deep in the "Stilly" Swamps

That sort of thing has happened all through the swamp region of South Carolina. In the old days moonshine liquor was made in the mountains, mainly, but now the swamps have robbed the mountains of premier honors in booze brewing. Those huge, dense and mystic cypress swamps, hitherto unused for any human activity, have become the hiding place for an industry of considerable size and economic importance. Some of the stills deserve the most dignified name of manufacturing plants, for their output is tremendous. An officer took me to see one he had discovered by chance. He had been hunting quail, and noticed grains of corn on a grass-grown road leading toward the swamp.

"Now why would anybody be carrying corn into that swamp?" he asked himself. There was but one answer. He followed the trail of the leaking bag of corn, and a few hundred yards into the dense growth he discovered the still. It was splendidly equipped, with gasoline drums to supply the burners. Gasoline gives off no smoke, so the still could not be spotted as in the old days of wood fires. Each distilling unit—there were six of them—had a screen around it to prevent anyone from seeing the flames at night. In a big pile there were hundreds of jugs and bottles and fruit jars.

The old-time fruit jar, by the way, is one of the favorite containers for corn liquor. When you see a South Carolinian with a red mark across the bridge of his nose, he may have been wearing glasses, or he may have been drinking liquor out of a fruit jar. You never can tell!

The operators of this still lived in a tent. The quail, turkey and deer hunting was fine on all sides of them, so they probably had a pretty good time while making a hundred gallons of liquor each day. They were not caught when the still was raided. That is usually the case, for the operator can hear the officers coming and make a quick getaway.

The distilling industry is so well established in South Carolina that people speak of corn liquor almost by brands. A man will tell you, for instance, that he is serving Berkeley corn, Lexington special, Hell Hole lightning, or Four Hole champagne. Berkeley and Lexington are counties, Hell Hole and Four Hole are names of swamps. Prosperity has come to many families of these and other localities because the government has put a premium on something they can make. A few years ago they made quite a bit of "monkey rum" out of molasses, but this liquid dynamite is not so common now, though molasses is often mixed with fermenting corn to help it out.

I know South Carolina intimately, for I was born there and did most of my growing up there. Also I was, for nearly two terms, secretary to former Governor R. A. Cooper, serving from 1919 until late in 1922. I still call that state home, think of it as home, visit it whenever I have the slightest chance to do so, and am personally acquainted with perhaps three or four thousand of its citizens.

This little dash of autobiography is put in to establish my credibility as a witness upon the wetness or the dryness of my native state. It isn't as if I had ridden through in a Pullman car, talked with several fellow smokers, then arrived at dogmatic conclusions. My life in that state was and is spent more with the drys than the wets; the governor under whom I served was dry, and the people to whom I have gone for help in assembling material for this article are, or were, for the most part dry.

Laws That Won't Work

Officially, South Carolina is very, very dry. So dry that the delegation to the Houston convention was instructed against voting for any wet candidate. As Governor Smith was the only real candidate, the delegation was seriously embarrassed. In this dilemma, they decided to give a complimentary vote to some native son, and selected for this honor a well-known wet, Chief Justice Watts, of the State Supreme Court!

South Carolina was among the first five states to ratify the eighteenth amendment to the federal Constitution. It had been working at restrictive and dry laws long before that. But, actually, South Carolina seems as wet as any of the other three states in which I have lived since prohibition—New York, New Jersey and Connecticut.

According to common report, there are within a few blocks in the State House, in Columbia, many places where liquor is sold. According to common report, the same indifference to the law exists in all the other cities of the state. This despite the fact that the present Governor, John G. Richards, is an impassioned Dry.

But South Carolina has the legislative rather than the executive form of government, so a governor cannot do much. He is more an administrative than executive officer. County sheriffs are not subject to his will. Magistrates are appointed by and with the advice and consent of the senate, which means that the senator from a county names the magistrates for his county, or leaves their selection to popular vote in the primary. No legislature has ever made a large appropriation for the governor's law-enforcing constables, a handful of officers who actually are subject to the chief executive.

Plenty of laws have been enacted—plenty and then some! In the criminal code of South Carolina you will find eighty-six sections under the heading of "Intoxicating Liquors." This means that there are eighty-six laws, or provisions of laws, designed to control, restrict and prohibit the use of intoxicants. These state laws are more comprehensive than the Volstead Act, for they enumerate more different kinds of offenses, and, therefore, should be more effective than the federal statute. Under this great array of laws the mere possession of illicit liquor is an offense in South Carolina; constables are empowered, among other things, to "detain" suspicious packages; handling liquor in the night time is an especial grievance against the law; transporting it is lawless, and it is illegal to label a package what it is not!

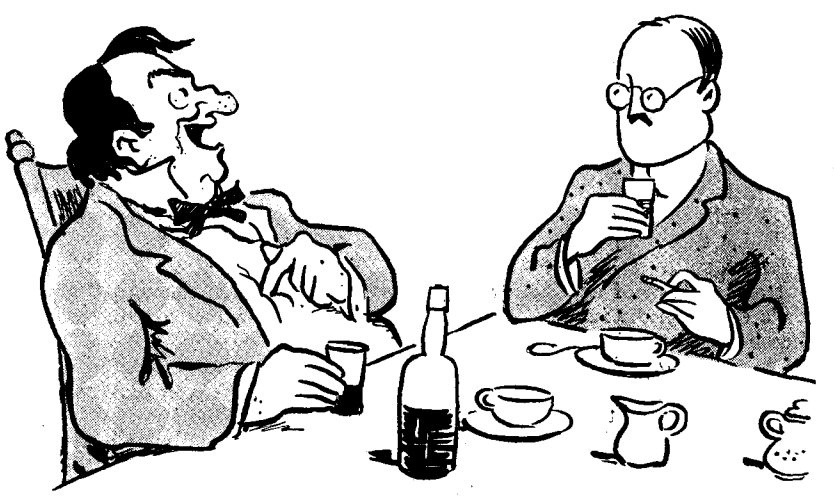
Enough legislation, surely, to make liquor nothing more than a memory! But the legislation hasn't worked as well as it might. At times and in places, these laws have been fairly effective; but generally they have merely changed the manner in which liquor may be bought, and have limited the buyers' field of choice. They have substituted the devious for the direct mode of purchase, and corn for rye liquor. At the start of what is called prohibition, the buyer's choice was more limited than it is now, for the makers of secret booze have learned many tricks, and so can turn out a reasonable variety of products.

At the present time the state maintains a governor's constabulary of just twelve men, whose main work is liquor-law enforcement. To a good many local county officers, this state force is a godsend, for it enables them to pass the buck. Ordinarily, all state laws are supposed to be enforced by sheriffs, their assistants, rural police, city police and other local officers. But under things as they are, these officers often let out a holler for the state constables and the federal enforcement officers when some organization of women, or of men, deplores, whereases and now-therefores local conditions.

An Undisguised Blessing

In other words, it is possible for a local officer to create the impression that the enforcement of the liquor laws is none of his business, and, of course, there are not enough of these "outside" officers to do much good. The states of Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina comprise the Eighth Prohibition District, in which approximately ninety federal officers and agents are maintained—one federal enforcement man to every several counties!

From the beginning prohibition in South Carolina has been approached as a moral and religious question. Perhaps that is one explanation of its loose enforcement, for it seems to be true in morals and religion that many people think their whole duty is done when they believe as they are supposed to believe. There (*Continued on page 38*)



"When did you change over and become a wet?" I asked my friend. "Me? Wet? I'm not wet!" he answered

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Don't Keep Men Waiting

By Oscar Graeve

A love story, with a most surprising ending—and two heroines, instead of one

Illustrated by Warren Baumgartner

Mr. Pyne had been selecting a cigarette from a crystal box and he had dropped it. It fell and smashed into bits

EVERYTHING in the offices of the Versailles Perfume Company—of Paris and New York—was extremely modern. Against the apple-green walls rose tiered skyscraper bookcases in which were displayed, not books, but perfumes imported from France and sold to American women at fabulous prices. These perfumes, so said the highly decorative booklets and advertisements of the Versailles Company, had long been the favorites of the crowned heads of Europe. They were *exquise!* They were for women of discrimination. To such women they gave an allure, a mystery, that had once been the exclusive possession of Ninon de l'Enclos, Marie Antoinette, Cleopatra.

In the doorways of the offices hung curtains of silver fabric. Desks did not seem to belong in a place so *exquise*. But desks there had to be, so they were painted black, highly polished and topped with plate glass. The telephones, need it be remarked, were of the French type. The rugs on the shining floors were expensive and cubistic in pattern.

The lord of this domain was at least always exquisitely dressed. Unfortunately, he was getting a little stout. But, nevertheless, in various ways, he managed to fit into the picture. His clothes came from London, his manners from Paris, his accent, once pure Brooklynese, was veneered now with a composite of Park Avenue, Oxford and rue de la Paix—except when in moments of excitement or indignation he forgot his carefully acquired accent and used his native tongue. His name was Byron Pyne. It had once been Billy Pine.

And this realm where everything was of such elegance, where every clerk aped as well as he could the London clothes of Mr. Pyne, where every typist, secretary and file clerk had decided claims upon beauty, chic or both, there was only one discordant note. That discordant note was Miss Wright—Miss Mary Wright.

Miss Wright didn't seem to care how she looked. She didn't seem to give a hang how suitable her clothes were, for that atmosphere of distinction. One day she'd appear in a shabby skirt and outlandish sweater, the next, as likely as not, in a tweed suit that bulged all over her.

Nor did she seem to care how she spoke. Loud were Miss Wright's remarks and loud her laughter. She'd sit in her own little office—fortunately she had her own little office in a corner apart from the rest—she'd sit there, her legs crossed, her hair in disorder, pounding away furiously at her typewriter. And from that office would come an occasional loud burst of profanity.

In short, Miss Wright had no refinement and in the offices of the Versailles Perfume Company refinement was placed above all other things. Even above elegance. Even above chic.

That's what Flora Dale so often said to Byron Pyne: "Billy, the trouble with Miss Wright is that she has no refinement."

"Yes, Flora."

"Somehow, Billy, she doesn't seem to belong here—"

And in his indignation Mr. Pyne would forget his own refined accent. "Now, listen, Flora, I know what you mean. But we've never found anyone who can write the booklets like Miss Wright can and as long as she does her work so well does it matter whether she's refined or not?"

"But we don't know anything about her! We got her through that agency and we don't know a thing about her personally."

"What does that matter? We know she does her work well and isn't that all we got to know?"

"Well, she gives people the wrong impression—"

"Flora, you lay off Miss Wright. What have you got against her anyway?"

"If you want to know, this is what I've got against her, Billy. You spend too much time talking to her, you spend too much time looking at her. What you see to look at I don't know. She looks like a rag bag most of the time."

"Now, Flora—"

"Well, Billy, if you don't quit it, it's all off between you and me, see? We've been good pals for more years than I like to think of, but it's all off if you start making a fool of yourself over that girl."

With an effort Mr. Pyne clamped his lips together. But meanwhile over his round, hairless face crept a red of the rosiest hue. Only too well he knew that of late he had been thinking much too much of Miss Wright, much too little of Flora Dale.

HE and Flora had known each other ever since they had been school children living in the same slatternly street in Brooklyn. Together, he and Flora had climbed the long steep hill to chic, elegance, success! They had always taken it for granted that some day they'd be married but somehow they'd never got around to it. That's how Flora put it. "Oh, of course, Billy and I are going to be married but we've just never got around to it." Then, too, there was Flora's mother, whom she had to support, and there was Billy's married sister with her swarm of kids and her worthless husband, and Billy always had to help them out in one way or another.

After that long climb to success Billy Pyne's refinement was still a little questionable. It was a veneer apt to crack on the slightest provocation. But Flora Dale in her appearance, her manner, her conversation, was the height of refinement. She was tall, lovely and slender. Her golden hair fitted like a burnished cap upon her head, her complexion was perfect, her body seemed to move in rhythm within her adroitly simple frocks.

It was a pleasure to see Flora swim ingratiatingly toward a department store buyer when one of those imperious creatures entered the offices of the Versailles Perfume Company.

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"I'm afraid it's getting so it will have to be either her or me. The trouble is she isn't a lady," Flora complained

"Oh, my dear Miss Cornell! How delightful it is to see you again. How is everything in St. Louis? I do love St. Louis. . . . Oh, yes, Miss Cornell! Our new *parfum de nuit*. It is really *exquise!* And have you seen those new compacts? *Charmant, n'est-ce pas?* They were designed by the great Chanel herself. The smartest women in New York are mad about them."

One day Miss Wright had overheard Miss Dale talking to a buyer and afterwards she had said to Miss Dale, "You certainly drive 'em dizzy, dearie!"

Now was that refined?

"I'm afraid it's getting so it'll either have to be her or me," Flora complained to Mr. Pyne. "The trouble is she isn't a lady. She hasn't as much breeding as a truck driver and I can't do my stuff with her around."

"I'll talk to her," said Mr. Pyne soothingly.

"Yes, you'll talk to her all right," said Flora. "What's the news value in that?"

"Why don't you take a little trip around the country, Flora? Your nerves are off. And nothing does the business so much good as when you make a friendly call on our customers."

"Yes, and leave you and her together! That's a swell idea, isn't it?"

Again Mr. Pyne flushed crimson. "Now, listen here, Flora! You've got this all wrong. Miss Wright doesn't care *that* for me"—dramatically Mr. Pyne snapped his fingers— "Why, she wouldn't wipe her shoes off on me."

Miss Dale became furious. "That makes me feel nice, doesn't it? She wouldn't wipe her shoes off on you and I suppose I would. You think she's way above you, don't you? And where do you think I am?"

"We should have been married ten years ago."

"Yes, we should! And what kind of a husband would I have running after other women?"

"If you'd married me when I asked you things would have been different."

"Yes, I've noticed what angels marriage makes out of men. Most men think a marriage license is a license to act looser than they did before. Do you think I've had my eyes closed all these years? Next thing you'll be telling me to call up Mr. Fish at the Aquarium. That's getting to be your idea of a joke."

Nevertheless, although Flora Dale threw herself out of Mr. Pyne's apple-green office, two days later she left for a trip to Chicago and other cities of the Middle West. "I'll put him on his honor and see what happens," she said to herself, "anyway if I stay here I'll go crazy."

MR. PYNE was very much relieved at Flora's departure. He had given his word of honor to have little or nothing to do with Mary Wright. Naturally, he did have to supervise her work somewhat but, aside from their business talks, he had promised to do no talking to her whatever. And he meant to keep his promise. During the first few days of Flora's absence he walked past Miss Wright's office with averted eyes.

Then, suddenly, he couldn't keep his promise any more. It happened just like that. Suddenly, he felt he simply had to talk to Miss Wright and see her as often as he could within reason. He didn't understand why this was so. Obscure and urgent forces within him were more powerful than he was. He was a chip, a rather plump and meek chip, tossed along upon a turbulent stream, and this turbulent stream was his own obscure emotions. "I'm a fool!" Mr. Pyne said to himself, "as if Mary gave a flicker of an eyelash for me!" He only called her Mary to himself. When addressing her she was always Miss Wright.

Nor could he understand his infatuation for this girl. She wasn't beautiful. Compared to Flora's golden beauty she wasn't even pretty. She was dark and negligent but there was something about her slanting eyes, there was a mockery in them, that stirred Mr. Pyne inwardly as nothing else had ever stirred him. Miss Wright could glance at Mr. Pyne and quickly glance away again and leave him quivering, chaotic, a jelly. "I bet she thinks I'm loony!" he told himself.

Between his office and Miss Wright's office he fought a battle. On that battleground he was torn between his promise to Flora and his own dark desires. It was a losing battle.

One afternoon he plunged breathlessly into Miss Wright's office. Gone almost entirely these days was his refined accent. "Say, listen!" he said. "Can't we go out to dinner together?"

Miss Wright was proofreading. She was startled. "What?" she asked.

"I mean just the two of us. Can't we go out to dinner together?"

"When?"

"Tonight."

"I guess you must be missing Flora," Miss Wright remarked.

"Yes, I am," said Mr. Pyne, but he didn't tell her how blessedly he was missing Flora. "Will you have dinner with me? Will you, Miss Wright?"

"Oh, all right," she said in the most matter-of-fact way without any realization of the importance of her consent, without the slightest appreciation of the terrific battle the faithful Mr. Pyne had fought with this new, faithless, delirious Mr. Pyne, who now was so overcome with rapture at Miss Wright's "yes" that he bounced out of her office afraid to utter one more word.

In his own office he sat planning. He couldn't work. What restaurant was good enough for Miss Wright? His thoughts skipped over a list—Pierre's, and Plaza, the Ritz, the Colony. Of course they wouldn't be dressed. He was taking no chances in suggesting they dress for this event, momentous as it was. Miss Wright might change her mind and not go at all.

But wasn't there a dining-room in the Plaza where evening clothes were not required? Yes, the Plaza might do.

But they didn't go to the Plaza.

"Oh, let's go to some simple little place near by," Miss Wright had said. "I have to be home early anyway."

And so they went to a "simple little place" where a fountain splashed in the middle of the room and violins sang through the flowering plants. In a little booth, screened, Mr. Pyne and Miss Wright sat opposite each other. (If Flora could have seen them!)

Mr. Pyne had ordered magnificently but now he didn't know what he was eating. He was intent upon what he was saying and what he was saying was, "I hate myself!"

Mary Wright greeted this extraordinary statement with soft laughter. "We all hate ourselves at times," she said. "Why do you hate yourself just now?"

"I always hate myself," said Mr. Pyne ferociously. "I'm always trying to be something I'm not. I'm like a cheap American perfume in an expensive French bottle. And anyway the perfume business is a hell of a business for a man to be in, isn't it?"

"Would you like to be shooting lions?" Miss Wright asked.

He didn't care whether she was making fun of him (*Continued on page 40*)

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Something above the Neck

By Antoine

As told to Amy Callender

When Antoine, famous French coiffeur, who cuts and waves the hair of fashionable Paris and London, comes to New York for a few weeks, as he does annually, he suffers. From the tips of his capable fingers to the last hair of his own well-shaped head, Antoine is an artist and it is as an artist that he suffers in America. Here he tells you why—and offers some information that may be helpful in deciding how you shall dress your crowning glory

AMERICANS have learned how to appreciate art in canvas, in stone, in interior decoration, but they have not yet learned how to respect the beauty and charm of their own faces. They have not yet learned that it is as important to frame the human face perfectly and becomingly as it is to clothe the human body perfectly.

You will hear about the smartness of American women much that is justified, but only up to a certain point—for their smartness, too often, ends with their necks. The American woman has much personal charm, much *esprit*, much individuality or temperament, but how to make beauty out of these gifts, she rarely knows. Hurry is the great evil of her life. She starts her day at eleven and tries to work in a beauty appointment before lunch. She is late for luncheon and tries to work in an appointment for tea. She is late for tea and tries to get in some shopping before dinner. By the time the day is done, she is all nerves. Beauty is made up of tranquillity and repose, of perfection that takes time. Over and over again, in America, women have said to me:

"Antoine, I am in a hurry. I can't give you more than an hour."

What is one to do, to say? Can I say that art cannot be created to the ticking of the clock? Can I say that art demands perfection of detail that knows no rush or hurry? No. But I can think that. Your hurry accounts for much that is ugly among your women, the sameness and crudity of haircut, waving and hairdressing in your country. Your women are free with money but not with time.

I know what your women do. One goes to a hairdresser who by chance or good fortune or actual personal study of his client gives her a becoming haircut and wave. She has tea with her friends and they all admire her. One week later they all have the same style of haircut and wave. It does not seem to matter to them whether or not their features, their expressions, the shapes of their heads call for the same kind of treatment. It does not matter to them whether their faces are round or long, full or lean. They do not know, and *hélas!* often the hairdressers do not know that the scissors is the sculptor's chisel that shapes the head, that brings out its beauty of contour and hides its defects.

The Important Personal Touch

Perhaps I can explain better what I mean by telling about some women whose hair I have cut, waved and dressed, women who stand out for their personality, their individuality. Take Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt. She has a small, beautifully shaped head, a tanagra head, I call it. When I cut and wave her hair, I think of that always. I bring out the beautiful outlines. I expose the forehead and the contour of the head. The hair is waved back from the forehead and a little to one side. The effect is: Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt. And no one else.

Miss Anne Morgan is altogether different in type and personality. Do I give her the same kind of haircut and wave? Assuredly not. Miss Morgan has something classic about her that I bring out. I do not wave her hair back from the forehead. I do not think that is a good line for her. I wave the hair low on the forehead to shadow the eyes. Nor do I wave the whole head. Only the ends are curled up in a natural wave.

What a terrible mistake it would be to try to make Mme. Freida Hempel look like Mrs. Vanderbilt or Miss Morgan. Freida Hempel is golden, gay, bright. I wave her beautiful golden head with big luxurious waves in front and little laughing waves at the side. The waves at the side are continually worked toward the back to bring out the fine shape of her head. What I try to attain with her is an expression of her brightness and sparkle. You see her and you know she is made for song.

I dress the hair of many of your actresses. Let us take three of them, Nazimova, Gloria Swanson, Vivian Tobin. Nazimova—Russian, temperamental, *mouvementée*. The cut and arrangement of her hair shows all that. She is not afraid of letting her hair express herself. I do not know of another woman who would dare to wear her hair with the abandon with which she wears hers, but there is no other woman who is Nazimova.

Antoine considers a newly-achieved effect. Above are a few of the distinctive coiffures he has arranged

Famous American Coiffures

Gloria Swanson has a small, classic head. I said Miss Morgan had a classic head, also, did I not? Yet I do not cut and wave Miss Swanson's hair the way I do Miss Morgan's. There is a difference between the two in temperament, age, point of view. They are not the same *genre*. Their colorings and expressions are different. I wave Miss Swanson's hair but very little. I expose the forehead. I let her wear her hair a little longer in the back. The result is something individual. You cannot put your finger on it and say just what it is, but you know it exists.

Now take Vivian Tobin. Her face is young and round. I cut and wave her hair to enhance her youth and to soften the roundness. I wave it rather high on top, exposing the forehead, but I do not draw the hair back. I let the softness of it add inches to the face.

Lady Wimborne, another of my clients, is said to have the smallest head in London. She wears her hair almost shorter than a man's. It suits her perfectly. I give her a very few waves—just a bare touch. The curve of her head melts into the fine line of her neck and creates a contour lovely beyond words, but almost impossible beyond words for ninety-nine women out of a hundred.

It should be (*Continued on page 43*)

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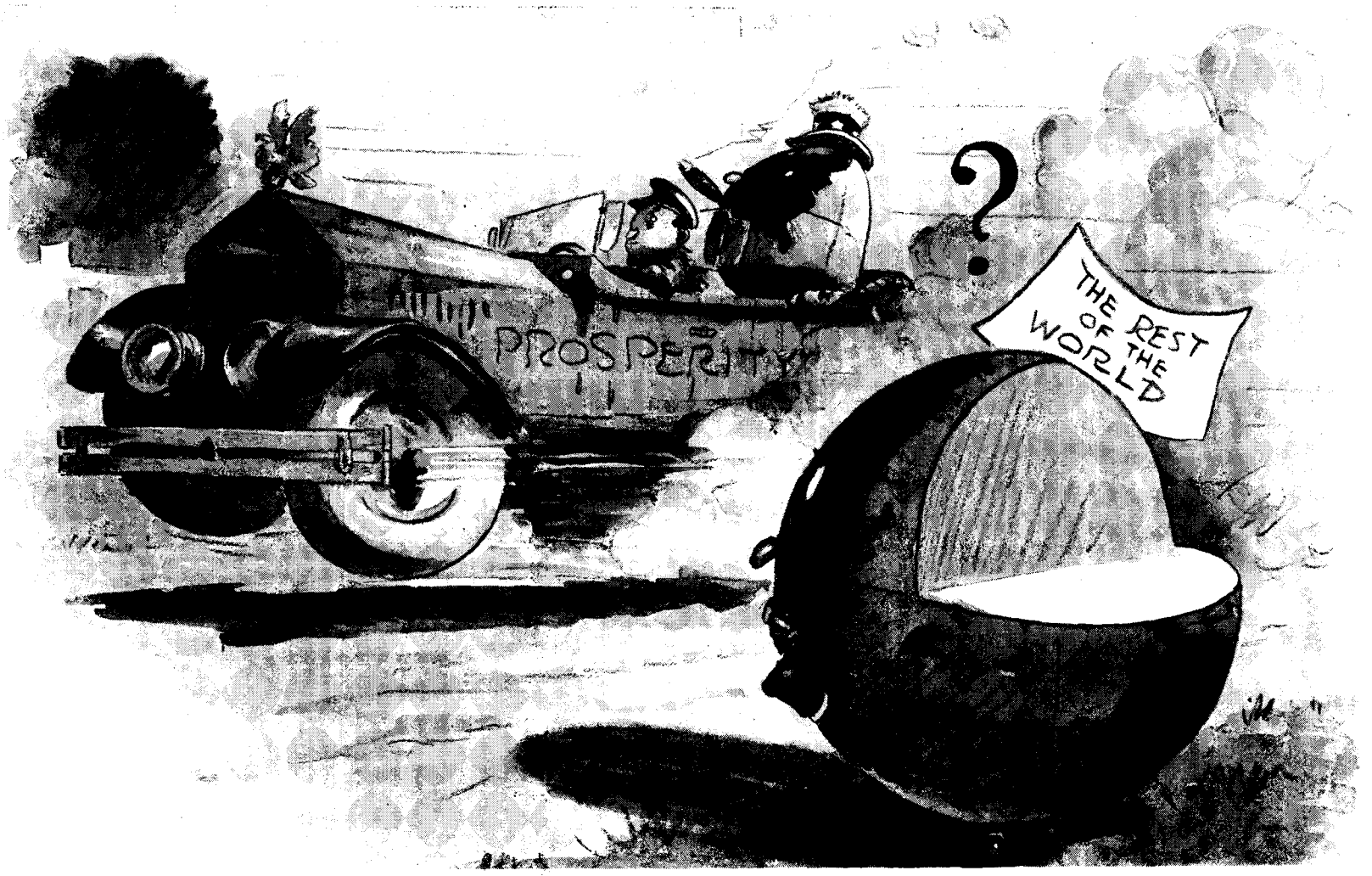

Today, our prosperity is being viewed, envied and analyzed by much of the rest of the world

Detroitism - what is it?

By William G. Shepherd

Are we all smart fellows, or merely fortunate enough to be Americans? Now, for the first time, we can put a yardstick on our amazing prosperity. How many of us have it? How many haven't? What are we doing with it? Here are the answers to all your questions except "Why?" The world's economists are squabbling about that, and your answer is as good as theirs

WHILE the armies of old Rome were trampling over the known world, laying tribute on all available humanity and while her citizens at home, high and low, were accepting the fruits of prosperity as casually as if they were wind, sunshine or rain and yelling for more, the rest of the world, analyzing Roman richness, grunted out in pagan terms: "It's her militarism that does it."

Today, our prosperity is being viewed, envied and analyzed by much of the rest of the world. Economic experts of Europe have visited us for purposes of examination. They have seen us dashing about, by the millions, in our motor cars, or enjoying, in our homes, comforts and conveniences which, in other lands, are considered the peculiar luxuries of the rich. They have tried to find a reason for our prosperity and the quarrels that have thereby ensued among them have produced an extensive literature. They have, however, more or less, agreed upon this general idea: "It's the Detroitism of America that does it."

Ramsay Muir, Britisher, coined the new word when he admiringly called us "America, the Golden." It is a term that is being generally accepted; it will probably be buried in the patois of economics, for the use of historians.

Now what Detroitism really is these European analyzers cannot discover; that's what their quarrel is about. To some it's standardization of human beings; to others it's mass production, mass consumption, installment buying, prohibition and many other things.

They are in disagreement even when they are among us, viewing on every hand the evidences of our mass prosperity, as to the exact nature and the quantity of the benefits we enjoy.

The news in this article is that today we have analyzers of our own—better qualified, perhaps, than European onlookers—who have succeeded in drawing an amazing picture of what this so-called Detroitism has done for us. Here's how this big American picture was made.

The Work of Two Presidents

President Warren G. Harding, when he saw unemployment increasing in 1920, called a "Conference on Unemployment" to study the subject. In that conference was a member of Harding's cabinet, destined, eight years later, to sit in the President's chair—Herbert Hoover. When the unemployment conference of President Harding was disbanded, Hoover, as Secretary of Commerce, felt, with other men interested in the economics of the United States, that the entire social, industrial and economic activities of the nation should be studied and put down in cold mathematics. Thus this study of America is the work of two presidents.

Literally hundreds of experts, for the past half-dozen years, employed on a committee of distinguished citizens headed by Owen D. Young, have been quietly digging for facts concerning American life. "The Committee on Recent Economic Changes" is its name. Its report is what both foreign observers and we ourselves need in order to see what point the United States has reached. It's an analysis of ourselves, nationally.

"But the most interesting thing about this study," said a young man who helped to make it, "is that it helps me and I think it will help every American to see what has happened to him and his home, say, in the past seven years. It will help him to get into step and to know what to expect from his country economically and what his country may expect from him."

So let's take this picture of Detroitism and look at it:

How much do you and I and the other fellow, rich, poor or well-to-do, receive every year? We may receive wages, salaries, rents, interest or business profits. Find out how much this totals and you've got the value of what the professors call "Total Realized National Income."

Right here, let me say that the value of the work of America's housewives in our twenty-seven million homes has not been counted in the total. We'll see later on how labor in these homes is being made astonishingly easier by electricity, but, nevertheless, the value of billions of hours of housewife's toil isn't added to our total. The wages of cooks and waiters who feed people in the restaurants and hotels, the wages of those who keep people comfortable in hotels and boarding houses all go into the total, but "because," as the experts say, "of the difficulties of determining a satisfactory basis of valuation," they haven't totaled the money value of a woman's labor when she sweeps, makes beds, sews, cooks for and feeds her husband and offspring in her own home.

Leaving out, therefore, the figures of what mother, in cold money values, really earns (and it's probably as much as father earns, if scientists could ever work out the real mathematics of it) the total "realized material income," in one year, is about $87,000,000,000. That means $735 per year each for you, me and the other fellow.

The Income of Employees

And a hundred-billion-dollar year, a total income unknown and never dreamed of for any other nation in all human history, may not be far off, as we are now progressing.

Professional business writers, groping for a yardstick that will show readers what money means in terms of billions, always fall back on the total of war debts due to us. All right. European nations are allegedly struggling to pay us, during the next fifty-eight years, the sum of ten billion dollars with interest. Our income, every single year, is almost nine times that sum. It has increased one third during the ten years ending in (*Continued on page 33*)

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Believe it or not—but when an old 'un catches fire from Youth he'll make a pretty blaze

The Young Rush in

By Alan LeMay

He listened with every nerve, while his ears confirmed what his unconscious mind had

WITH twilight it began snowing in soft, broad flakes, salting the dark backs of the cattle. Daylight blurred out slowly, leaving behind it that odd luminous quality that night is sometimes given by a sheeted moon and the almost phosphorescent snow. The crawling dusk had a curious electric feel, a subtle, edgy warning, in spite of the stillness: the sort of thing felt before a thunderstorm sometimes or at sea when the barometer is dropping unaccountably in the midst of calm.

Whiskers Beck felt that unrest in the twilight as he stood hugging his sheepskin coat about him on the canyon's low rim. From there his keen old blue eyes squinted down into the bedding ground of the eight hundred white-faces, a hundred feet below. He was tired, for he had worked hard in the cold, and he was old; but that odd expectancy in the air kept him from wanting to sit down.

The cattle felt it too; he could see that. They should have been grazing, or trying to, for although the drive had been slow, they had picked up very little forage on the way. Instead they stood quietly, heads down-canyon, in a too-compact mass. Only here and there a few had drawn off to tear at the scant thicket along the foot of the rock walls.

The old cowboy clawed at the ice in his white beard, wondering what they had better do in place of circle riding tonight. It was Beck's religion that virtue lay not so much in how well you did a thing as in how easily you did it well enough. The cattle were dog-tired and hemmed in by the canyon walls; three more miles of widening canyon were ahead before the cut lost itself in the prairie. Whiskers was badly tempted to mount no rider at all. Still. . . .

Old man Rutherford, for whom they rode, was in a corner again. When he had got his fall beef herd to the railroad he had found himself without cattle cars—a circumstance foreseen but unavoided. He had been obliged to sell at a loss. The winter hay he must have was not available on his shaken credit.

He had cattle cars waiting for him now, enough cars for two or three brands; the cattle were not in them. The critters were strung out over their winter range; the ponies were scattered into the hills; the cowboys paid off and departed.

To buck this bleak situation three remaining riders had set out to get a herd for those cars. And Whiskers Beck, after almost sixty years spent in avoiding that contingency, was boss.

For three men the rounding up of the cattle, strong from the summer's forage and wild from the fall round-up, had been a long, tough race against the day when the cars would wait no more. Holding the growing herd, necessarily a one-man job, had been harder yet—it would have been impossible in the day of the Sonora longhorns. The long circle rider peeled a pessimistic eye and offered fervid, blasphemous prayers. And cutting the herd, so that chiefly beef steers of their own brand should take the trail to market, had been hardest of all.

IT HAD been a monstrous, herculean labor for those three men. There are cattlemen who will tell you it should have been easy; there are others who will tell you it could not have been done. Under the particular combination of conditions, it was just possible, and that was all. Somehow, they had wangled through, proud that they were the boys who could tackle such a job and make it stick, too proud of their own abilities to offer other comment than complaint. Later they would tell about their feat, casually, with ever-increasing figures: "I mind once me an' two other fellers went out to get a winter beef herd, an' we picked up three-four thousand head—"

But if they lost another half-day now, there would be nothing to tell. The cars would be missed, and their labors lost, reduced to a futile ramming-about that accomplished nothing. Whiskers guessed, after all, that they would have to sit up with the cows.

Squirty Wallace, wiry little top hand, came to stand beside Whiskers on the edge of the bluff. Wrapped to the eyes in his sheepskin coat, his swerving legs in winter chaps, he looked like a big cocoon, mounted on the two halves of a furry barrel hoop. He had opinions of his own about working cattle, but he kept them to himself, lest they happen to be more exacting than orders from some other source.

"Tomorrer," said Whiskers Beck, "we'll prod along right smart, an' aim to make Apricot Creek. Next day we'll have to go slower, but we'll hit Spring River all right, about eight o'clock at night, an' shove right into the corrals an' feed hay. An' then is when three hired men take a rest."

Below in the gathering chill dark the cattle stood motionless, oddly quiet. There was no breeze; you could almost hear the settling of the snow. The men kept listening, expecting to hear, perhaps, the munch of the grazing ponies off somewhere in the gloom. At regular intervals one lone calf blatted dismally, separated from its ma. It had no business there, in this beef cut, but that could not be helped now.

Behind Whiskers sounded the steady drone of Dixie Kane's voice as he cooked supper. The young bronc peeler crouched gracefully by his frying pan, his high, thin nose catching the firelight like the back of a knife. He wore a black and white Navaho coat belted close about his slim body with a broad leather strap.

"That's the *young* feller of it," Dixie was saying, evidently under the delusion that Squirty Wallace still stood beside him. "Never figurin' the cost. Old fellers keep thinkin' about the time some onion got the saddle horn through him—they see his eyes rollin' round, an' the blood runnin' out through his teeth. Young fellers figure different. Take me. *I* never think about the cost—don't even come into my head. Me, I'm jumpin' into hell an' high water, gettin' the work done. Why—"

WHISKERS BECK repressed a snarl. "We'll ride circle same as usual," he said loudly, so Dixie would hear him and shut up. "Though o' course there ain't nothin to do but set around at the lower end, this time, I know you been thinkin' mebbe them cattle would stay put, an' I think the same. But I got a phony feelin'. An' we ain't goin' to take any chances now, an' mebbe miss out. So, Squirty, you stay up to eleven o'clock, an' I'll take the graveyard miserableness until two; an' then it's mornin', in so far as Mister D. Kane is concerned. An' about two-three hours before daylight, here we come."

The snow muffled sound, so that even when they raised their voices they seemed to be speaking in hushed tones.

"What's the idea?" demanded Squirty Wallace hotly. Ordinarily he moved and spoke with a low calm, but the nerves of the three were worn and jangling now. "The cows won't run out on us—an' steers don't stampede in a canyon."

"That's nice," said Whiskers noncommittally.

"Say!" yelped Dixie Kane. "What yuh think us fellers is made outa?"

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known! From the canyon came an increasing, ominous shuffle, swiftly rising to a murmur, a rumbling groan

Illustrated by John Alan Maxwell

"Glass," said Whiskers. "An' right here's somethin' else. Ever'body keep a horse tight saddled, right close. If they kin be rode tight an' live, I guess they kin stand tight for once. Now listen, riffraff. You know this here gully, she makes a hook, up here a piece, an' curves about three miles. But there's a short cut here through the timber; it comes out on the canyon again in about a mile and a half, at a place we used to call the Stepladder. You mind the Stepladder? *Dixie, you mind the Stepladder?*"

"*Ya-as!*" yelled Dixie with sarcastic emphasis.

"The canyon's pretty deep right there. But it can be got down in at the Stepladder; the shortcut will make up the ground we'll lose gettin' started, an' we kin plunk down in ahead o' the rumpus. So's we'll be out in front when we come to a place where we kin mill 'em, instead o' bein' behind an' scarin' 'em along. You hear?"

They heard. "You make me sick," said Squirty under his breath. Whiskers let it pass.

THEY ate wolfishly, in silence. Squirty mounted, and his pony started down into the canyon with little unwilling steps, like a cat hating the snow. Whiskers Beck retied his muffler over his bald head and rolled into his blankets under a runty piñon pine.

For a few moments he let his mind turn to smoking food and plenty of it, a bed with hay under it in the weather-tight bunkhouse of the Triangle R, and men tired but comfortable, who hardly spoke except to give something a humorous twist, so that they were better than a show. Only the weather-fighters—riders, loggers, seamen—know the deep, keen savor of these plain things, just as only desert men know the sweetness of water. Food, warmth, laughter, a long postponed smoke—they are the things a man remembers after the bitternesses are gone.

"All right, midnight," he growled to himself. "I'm ready." It seemed as if he never pulled his head under the blankets without it instantly being time to get up.

He did not know how long he slept. He awoke on his elbow, listening with every nerve, while the frozen air quickly stiffened the moisture in his nostrils. Only an instant, while his ears confirmed what his unconscious mind had known! From the canyon came an increasing ominous shuffle, swiftly rising to a murmur, a rumbling groan. *Wham!* spoke Squirty's pistol, a heavy muffled jolt. *Wham!* His long yell shrilled through the rising mutter of hoofs.

ONE gnarled and buckskinned hand jammed Whiskers' hat down over his ears; the other had already found the reins where he had laid them over a piñon limb. His pony stood head up, snorting.

"Easy, boy," said Whiskers, "plenty time." He put the reins over the horse's head, mounted stiffly, and they wheeled.

They started off through the scraggly timber at a light lope, Beck holding the pony in. That cantering gait gave the blood time to start in the pony's cold legs, made him watch where he put his feet among rocks and logs half concealed and slippery under the snow. Whiskers noticed that the snowfall had stopped, that there was a dim light of moon through the clouds.

Behind them, over the ashes of the dead fire, the dark, confused figures of a man and horse whirled and reared. Dixie, who had made a sleepy rush and grab, was still trying to mount. His violent voice, excited to desperation, rang through the trees: "Haar! Stand down, you dirty—"

They dodged through the timber in easy bounds, leaping windfalls and brush. Five minutes, going on ten, while they drove steadily up grade. The pony blew a long thrumming breath, and took to the full gallop; it seemed almost as if he knew both the work and the trail. The blood began to course in Whiskers' arteries, waking him up. He could hear Dixie's pony crashing through the brush, a long way back, and coming hard. But mostly he listened to that long mutter of the running herd; it was almost a mile away now in the bend of the canyon, but it filled the night with a distant low roar, like a mighty wind far away. It had reached its ebb and was coming slowly nearer again, rising almost imperceptibly as the timber thinned, the drum of hoofs that must at all cost be stopped.

WHISKERS put the pony into a sprint. He spoke to the horse in short yelps: "Hip! . . . Hip!" Gradually stringing him up, getting the speed without breaking that quick clever placing of feet that kept them bounding over the tricky ground. "Hip—Hip!" One more rise, a break in the timber, an avoided gully; the Stepladder was a hundred yards ahead. The earthly rumble of the herd sounded close, stronger, stronger, a steady slow increase; he thought he could distinguish the click of horns.

Whiskers drew down the gait. In the dim light of clouds and snow he picked the landmarks at the drop of the trail—a dead lodge-pole pine, with a fir tree by its side. They came hammering to the brink; hesitated, the pony's head down to pick its footing for the first jump—and the pony suddenly squatted on quivering haunches and stopped.

Something turned over inside Whiskers Beck. His mouth partly opened, and the upper lip sucked in under his teeth. Something had happened to the Stepladder—if this was it.

Where once had been a steep, barely passable zigzag trail, a footing for goatlike ponies, there now opened before the man and horse what looked to be a sheer drop, not perpendicular, but to all purposes so; the eye fell away into the dark below, found a little projection of stone that might have been footing or might not; then on down, lost in the little light, with no further suggestion of anything to break the fall. Two hundred feet to the bottom, and, at the bottom, the rocks.

The shock of failure, no less than the swift vertigo of the drop before him, sent a quick whirl of sickness to Beck's head. This passed, and he slumped in his seat, feeling suddenly the accumulated weariness of his saddle years.

For a long moment he sat there, alone with his defeat, while the pony waited, quivering, and the night was alive with that rising moan of hoofs, like a voice from the deep throat of the canyon itself.

He did not hear Dixie Kane racing up until man and pony came alongside with the stiff bounding hops that a horse uses to check a thousand pounds of galloping bone and flesh and leather.

"This it?" yelled Dixie. The open mouth of the pony turned upward as it struggled to swerve this way or that from the (*Continued on page 44*)

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Summer Lightning

By P. G. Wodehouse

The Story Thus Far:

IN BLANDINGS CASTLE, England, live Clarence, ninth Earl of Emsworth, whose chief interest is the Empress of Blandings, his prize pig; his sister, Lady Constance Keeble; his niece, Millicent; his brother, the Honorable Galahad Threepwood, now writing his Reminiscences; his secretary, Hugo Carmody, secretly engaged to Millicent; and his nephew, Ronald Fish, secretly engaged to Sue Brown, a chorus girl.

Ronnie steals the Empress and hides her in a disused cottage, planning to "find" her later, thus gaining his trustee's gratitude and a share of his own capital. Hugo is sent to London to get a detective, P. Frobisher Pilbeam, to find the Empress.

Due to a misunderstanding in which Pilbeam is involved, Ronnie breaks his engagement with Sue, and Millicent hers with Hugo. Sue goes to Blandings to see Ronnie and explain, masquerading as Miss Schoonmaker, a wealthy American girl whom Ronnie's mother had invited to Blandings. Galahad discovers Sue's real identity, but promises secrecy. Ronnie and Millicent become engaged to spite Sue and Hugo.

Galahad puts in his Reminiscences a story about Sir Gregory Parsloe, who offers Pilbeam £500 to steal the manuscript. Lady Constance has already invited the Efficient Baxter to Blandings for the same purpose. Baxter is nearly caught in the attempt, and is seen jumping from the library window by Sue and Lord Emsworth, who calls him mad. He writes to Sue in self-defense.

IX

THE firm and dignified note in which Rupert Baxter had expressed his considered opinion of the Earl of Emsworth had been written in the morning-room immediately upon the ex-secretary's return to the house and delivered into Beach's charge with hands still stained with garden mold. Only when this urgent task had been performed did he start to go upstairs in quest of the wash and brush-up which he so greatly needed.

He was mounting the stairs to his bedroom and had reached the first floor when a door opened and his progress was arrested by what in a lesser woman would have been a yelp. Proceeding, as it did, from the lips of Lady Constance Keeble, we must call it an exclamation of surprise.

"Mr. Baxter!"

She was standing in the doorway of her boudoir, and she eyed his dishevelled form with such open-mouthed astonishment that for an instant the ex-secretary came near to including her with the head of the family in the impromptu commination service which was taking shape in his mind. He was in no mood for wide-eyed looks of wonder.

"May I come in?" he said curtly. He could explain all, but he did not wish to do so on the first-floor landing of a house where almost anybody might be listening with flapping ears.

"But, Mr. Baxter!" said Lady Constance.

He paused for a moment to grit his teeth, then closed the door.

"What *have* you been doing, Mr. Baxter?"

"Jumping out of window."

"Jumping out of *win*-dow?"

He gave a brief synopsis of the events which had led up to his spirited act. Lady Constance drew in her breath with a remorseful hiss.

"Oh, dear!" she said. "How foolish of me. I should have told you."

"I beg your pardon!"

Even though she was in the safe retirement of her boudoir, Lady Constance looked cautiously over her shoulder. In the stirring and complicated state into which life had got itself at Blandings Castle, practically everybody in the place, except Lord Emsworth, had fallen into the habit nowadays of looking cautiously over his or her shoulder before he or she spoke.

"Sir Gregory Parsloe said in his note," she explained, "that this man Pilbeam who is coming here this evening is acting for him."

"Acting for him?"

"Yes. Apparently Sir Gregory went to see him yesterday and has promised him a large sum of money if he will obtain possession of my brother Galahad's manuscript. That is why he has invited us to dinner tonight, to get Galahad out of the house. So there was no need for you to have troubled."

There was a silence.

"So there was no need," repeated the Efficient Baxter slowly, wiping from his eye the remains of a fragment of mold which had been causing him some inconvenience, "for me to have troubled."

"I am so sorry, Mr. Baxter."

"Pray do not mention it, Lady Constance."

His eye, now that the mold was out of it, was able to work again with its customary keenness. His spectacles, as he surveyed the remorseful woman before him, had a cold, steely look.

"I see," he said. "Well, it might perhaps have spared me some little inconvenience had you informed me of this earlier, Lady Constance. I have bruised my left shin somewhat severely and, as you see, made myself rather dirty."

"I am so sorry."

"Furthermore, I gathered from the remark he let fall that the impression my actions have made upon Lord Emsworth is that I am insane."

"Oh, dear!"

"He even specified the precise degree of insanity. 'As mad as a coot,' were his words."

HE SOFTENED a little. He reminded himself that this woman before him, who was so nearly doing what is described as wringing the hands, had always been his friend, had always wished him well, had never slackened her efforts to restore him to the secretarial duties which he had once enjoyed.

"Well, it cannot be helped," he said. "The thing now is to think of some way of recovering the lost ground."

"You mean, if you could find the Empress?"

"Exactly."

"Oh, Mr. Baxter, if you only could!"

"I can."

Lady Constance stared at his dark, purposeful, efficient face in dumb admiration. To another man who had spoken those words she would have replied. "How?" or even "How on earth?" But, as they proceeded from Rupert Baxter, she merely waited silently for enlightenment.

"Have you given this matter any consideration, Lady Constance?"

"Yes."

"To what conclusions have you come?"

Lady Constance felt dull and foolish. She felt like Doctor Watson—almost like a Scotland Yard bungler.

"I don't think I have come to any," she said, avoiding the spectacles guiltily. "Of course," she added, "I think it is absurd to suppose that Sir Gregory . . ."

Baxter waved aside the notion. It was not even worth a "Tchah!"

"In any matter of this kind," he said, "the first thing to do is to seek a motive. Who is there in Blandings Castle who could have had a motive for stealing Lord Emsworth's pig?"

Lady Constance would have given a year's income to have been able to make some reasonably intelligent reply, but all she could do was look and listen. Baxter was not annoyed. He would not have had it otherwise. He preferred his audience dumb and expectant.

"Carmody."

"Mr. Carmody!"

"Precisely. He is Lord Emsworth's secretary, and a most inefficient secretary, a secretary who stands hourly in danger of losing his position. He sees me arrive at the Castle, a man who formerly held the post he holds. He is alarmed. He suspects. He searches wildly about in his mind for means of consolidating himself in Lord Emsworth's regard. Then he has an idea, the sort of wild, motion-picture-bred idea which would come to a man of his stamp. He thinks to himself that if he removes the pig and conceals it somewhere and then pretends to have found it and restores it to its owner, Lord Emsworth's gratitude will be so intense that all danger of his dismissal will be at an end."

HE REMOVED his spectacles and wiped them. Lady Constance uttered a low cry. In anybody else it would have been a squeak. Baxter replaced his spectacles.

"I have no doubt the pig is somewhere in the grounds at this moment," he said.

"But, Mr. Baxter . . ."

The ex-secretary raised a compelling hand.

"But he would not have undertaken a thing like this single-handed. A secretary's time is not his own, and it would be necessary to feed the pig at regular

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intervals. He would require an accomplice. And I think I know who that accomplice is. Beach!"

This time not even the chronicler's desire to place Lady Constance's utterances in the best and most attractive light can hide the truth. She bleated:

"Be-ee-ee-ee-ach!"

The spectacles raked her keenly.

"Have you observed Beach closely of late?"

She shook her head. She was not a woman who observed butlers closely.

"He has something on his mind. He is nervous. Guilty. Conscience-stricken. He jumps when you speak to him."

"Does he?"

"Jumps," repeated the Efficient Baxter. "Just now I gave him a—I happened to address him, and he sprang in the air." He paused. "I have half a mind to go and question him."

"Oh, Mr. Baxter! Would that be wise?"

Rupert Baxter's intention of interrogating the butler had been merely a nebulous one, a sort of idle dream, but these words crystallized it into a resolve. He was not going to have people asking him if things would be wise.

"A few searching questions should force him to reveal the truth."

"But he'll give notice!"

THIS interview had been dotted with occasions on which Baxter might reasonably have said "Tchah!" but, as we have seen, until this moment he had refrained. He now said it.

"Tchah!" said the Efficient Baxter. "There are plenty of other butlers."

And with this undeniable truth he stalked from the room. The wash and brush-up were still as necessary as they had been ten minutes before, but he was too intent on the chase to think about washes and brushes-up. He hurried down the stairs. He crossed the hall. He passed through the green-baize door that led to the quarters of the Blandings Castle staff. And he was making his way along the dim passage to the pantry where at this hour Beach might be supposed to be, when its door opened abruptly and a vast form emerged.

It was the butler. And from the fact that he was wearing a bowler hat it was plain that he was seeking the great outdoors.

Baxter stopped in mid-stride and remained on one leg, watching. Then, as his quarry disappeared in the direction of the back-entrance he followed quickly.

Out in the open it was almost as dark as it had been in the passage. That gray, threatening sky had turned black by now. It was a swollen mass of inky clouds, heavy with the thunder, lightning and rain which so often comes in the course of an English summer to remind the island race that they are hardy Nordics and must not be allowed to get their fibre all sapped by eternal sunshine like the less favored dwellers in more southerly climes. It bayed at Baxter like a bloodhound.

But it took more than dirty weather to quell the Efficient Baxter when duty called. Like the character in Tennyson's poem who followed the gleam, he followed the butler. There was but one point about Beach which even remotely resembled a gleam, but it happened to be the only one which at this moment really mattered. He was easy to follow.

The shrubbery swallowed the butler. A few seconds later, it had swallowed the Efficient Baxter.

THERE are those who maintain—and make a nice income by doing so in the evening papers—that in these degenerated days the old, hardy spirit of the Briton has died out. They represent themselves as seeking vainly for evidence of the survival of those qualities of toughness and endurance which once made Englishmen what they were. To such, the spectacle of Rupert Baxter braving the elements could not have failed to bring cheer and consolation. They would have been further stimulated by the conduct of Hugo Carmody.

It had not escaped Hugo's notice, as he left Sue on the terrace and started out in the wake of Millicent, that the weather was hotting up for a storm. He saw the clouds. He heard the fast-approaching thunder. For neither did he give a hoot. Let it rain, was Hugo's verdict. Let it jolly well rain as much as it dashed well wanted to. As if encouraged, the sky sent down a fat, wet drop which insinuated itself just between his neck and collar.

He hardly noticed it. The information confided to him by his friend Ronald Fish had numbed his senses so thoroughly that water down the back of the neck was merely an incident. He was feeling as he had not felt since the evening some years ago when, boxing for his University in the light-weight division, he had incautiously placed the point of his jaw in the exact spot at the moment occupied by his opponent's right fist. When you have done this or—equally—when you have just been told that the girl you love is definitely betrothed to another, you begin to understand how Anarchists must feel when the bomb goes off too soon.

In all the black days through which he had been living recently, Hugo had never really lost hope. It had been dim sometimes, but it had always been there. It was his opinion that he knew women, just as it was Sue's idea that she knew men. Like Sue, (*Continued on page 52*)

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

"*You* stole her, Beach? *You!*" The butler quivered. "Yes, miss. It was I who stole the animal. I did it for your sake." Hugo eyed him sternly

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Nothing up my Sleeve

By THURSTON *the* MAGICIAN

Even a master of magic can have his bad moments in the mysterious Orient. Arranging an itinerary through the Far East presents dizzy problems and when you get one all laid out it may hold startling surprises. There was the occasion when a wealthy Chinaman erected a theater overnight for a private performance by Thurston. And there was that time he strolled, through what he would have you believe was an error, into a Sultan's harem

IV

AUSTRALIA proved a veritable gold mine for me. I played at the Palace Theater in Sydney for six weeks. At the end of the first week I was able to take up the note given the steamship company for my baggage, settle my personal bills, and pay back the two thousand dollars Ed Geach had expended for the building of my new show. The manager was much pleased with his investment although he had the short end of the contract. He and I became staunch friends.

Two months had passed, and we were in Adelaide, when I said to Geach:

"Can you guess how much money I had when I landed in Australia?" He shook his head. "Well, I had just exactly half-a-crown in my pocket when I landed on the wharf."

He didn't understand. "Why didn't you come to me? I should have been glad to cash a check for you."

"I did come to you; but not to cash a check. You did better than that—you let me have two thousand dollars."

"I lent you two thousand dollars?"

"Yes, only you didn't know it. I was dead broke at the time."

"That's all right," the manager replied seriously. "If you had spoken to me I would have taken you to my bank and fixed the matter up for you. Although it takes two months to get a reply from the States, I could have got you a line of credit by cable."

It was evident that Geach thought I had expected a draft from the States, which had been delayed in the mail.

"No," I said, "you did the best thing possible, and I want to thank you for it. You see, it was necessary for our success that you should lend me two thousand dollars. It was also necessary that you should not know you were lending it to me."

Yankee Nerve—and Generosity

"I'll be hanged if I understand," said Geach helplessly.

"It's perfectly simple. That half-crown was all the money I had in the world."

"Do you mean to say you were dead broke when we signed that contract?"

I nodded.

Geach looked at me long and steadily and I could read the passing moods of incredulity, anger and admiration in his eyes. Finally he gasped: "Such Yankee nerve! If I had known that, you wouldn't have got away with the big end of it!"

He shut his desk, put on his hat, and linked his arm in mine. "You Yankees beat the world. Come along. The dinner is on me."

I stopped him. "Things are different now, Ed," I said. I pulled the contract from my pocket, tore it to pieces and threw the fragments on the floor. Geach stood in amazement while I shook his hand and nodded: "From now on, Ed, we go fifty-fifty!"

We played Australia nine months altogether. The tour was successful throughout, and both Geach and myself realized handsome profits.

We played Adelaide and Perth and then went inland over a desert that was strewn with the wreckage of prospectors' camps. The country was gold-mad. We reached Coolgardie, four hundred miles from Perth, from which water had to be pumped the entire distance.

The temperature in the shade was one hundred and thirty. During the performance our grease paint became liquid. Our principal food was potatoes and lemon squash (lemonade).

The theater was built of sheet-iron and tin from gasoline cans. On the way back we encountered a "willy-willy" or whirlwind. We were obliged to cover our heads with blankets to keep from being suffocated by sand. The whirlwind picked up everything in its path, including dogs, goats, tents and shacks.

An Involuntary Illusion

At Melbourne, we played in the Atheneum Hall, a large room one flight up, with a low ceiling. The hall had been decked with bunting which covered the walls and ceiling. The balcony was within a few feet of the ceiling.

At the end of the first act I introduced my dog picture; the auditorium was darkened, and the picture flashed on the screen. As I was about to leave the stage, the film caught fire. Realizing the danger of a panic I whispered to the electrician to turn on the lights, then calmly stood on the stage and told the audience that I would now show them my latest and most spectacular illusion.

"If you will kindly turn in your seats so that you may see the picture machine you will observe something that looks like a blaze. It is the first time I have ever attempted this illusion, and I wish to assure the audience that there is no danger. So please remain quiet in your seats and watch the blaze as it raises to the ceiling."

By this time the fire was licking the bunting that draped the ceiling. As the bunting was very thin and hung quite low, I felt that there was a reasonable chance that it would burn without setting fire to the building. Feeling that the first danger of a panic was over, and explaining to the audience that the bunting was very thin and that if they would sit quietly they would be surprised to see how quickly all the bunting would be burned from the ceiling without leaving a trace of the fire.

I asked the orchestra to play, and for ten minutes the entire audience gazed with doubtful interest. As the fire consumed the decorations, the only movement was to avoid dropping pieces of burning cloth. Not a soul left the hall. Once or twice as the flames increased in spots I was on the verge of asking the audience to leave. But with my nerves tingling with excitement, I kept the orchestra playing until the danger was over, and was surprised to learn that nearly everybody in the place thought it was part of the show.

Afterward, many people said that it was the greatest mystery they had ever seen. When the fire was over, I assured the audience that I would not attempt the illusion again while playing in Melbourne, and proceeded with the show.

While playing the Australian cities, I was busy

It's all done with mirrors, or is it?

Maud Amber as she appeared while doing a vaudeville skit with Thurston's company in the Orient

arranging for a tour of Queensland, the Philippine Islands, China, Japan and India. Geach and other managers tried to dissuade me. They predicted I should lose all the money I had made in Australia. I told them that a man who never takes a chance is beaten just as often as anyone else. But booking a theatrical itinerary in the Far East is quite as intricate as squaring the circle. For three long months I tried to arrange dates by mail, but made no headway; for though you move heaven and earth you can't hurry the East.

An Intricate Business

So I dropped the mails and resorted to the cables. For three weeks my words flashed under seas to Hongkong, Shanghai, Singapore, Rangoon, Calcutta and Bombay. And then, when everything apparently had been settled, word would come to me that one or another of the cities had changed its date. This necessitated recabling to all the other cities of the itinerary in order to rearrange

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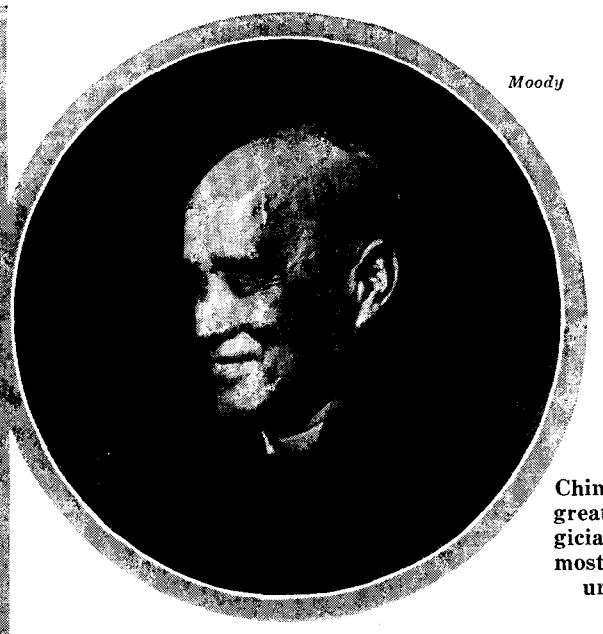
Howard Thurston performing the Stretched Woman Trick which features his shows



Moody

Ching Ling Foo, the great Chinese magician, one of the most brilliant figures of magic

the list of dates which usually resulted in additional complications.

In order to engage the theaters I had to rent them for a definite period—usually a month—and was obliged to send half the rent in advance to bind the bargain. This advance money, according to stipulation, was to be forfeited if the contracts were not carried out on my part. The Oriental is courteous, affable and socially agreeable, but he is well versed in the art of drawing up an advantageous contract for the party of the first part.

Eventually I settled all the details, engaged Winfield Blake and Maud Amber to give a variety sketch between the two parts of the program, and arranged with old Daddy Lyons—a well-known theatrical character in the Far East—to act as advance agent. Then we boarded a ship at Sidney, and once again put out on "the old trail, the long trail, the trail that is always new."

From the very beginning the tour was a success. In Queensland we had the largest audience we had ever played to, and the week at Brisbane is red-inked in my diary as the record business of my world's tour. And this, too, in spite of the fact that I was down with a tropical disease known as "break bone" fever. I was so shaky that at each performance a doctor stood in the wings ready to work over me between rounds, so to speak. But the two weeks' ocean voyage from Queensland to the Philippine Islands restored me to health, and when we landed at Manila I was as bronzed and buoyant as on the day we arrived in Denver fresh from the trip across the Rockies.

Magic in the Far East

From Manila we went to Hongkong, encountering the severest storms of the tour. It was five o'clock in the morning when we sailed into Hongkong Harbor, but even at that hour our party was on deck, eager to see the strange land of the Chinamen. As we drew toward the wharf the ship was surrounded with sampans and other queer craft, and scores of traders swarmed over the sides of the ship to offer their wares.

On the wharf we were surrounded by a gang of Chinamen jabbering "Rickshaw! rickshaw!" We clambered aboard, and with half-naked, half-starved Chinese coolies in the shafts we started at a lively trot up the long trail to the Hongkong Hotel. I felt ashamed of myself to be comfortably seated in that outlandish cart with a fellow creature tugging at the shafts under a blazing sun, and when we passed Europeans I kept my head turned the other way. But if I was ashamed of myself, I was more ashamed of Blakey, who weighed over two hundred pounds.

As soon as I had reserved rooms, I started out to find the manager of the Royal Theater, and was directed through a Chinese store to an office in the rear. A Chinaman was sitting behind a desk writing in a large book. As I hesitated, wondering how I should make myself understood, he looked up and bowed.

I blurted out: "Hello, John, I wantee go theater," imitating as closely as possible the Chinamen I had heard talk in America. He looked at me placidly, a smile wriggling across his moonlike face. I pulled out a few coins. "How muchee cost—you showee theater?"

The smile broadened. Taking off his large iron-rimmed spectacles, he looked me steadily in the eyes, and answered in perfect English:

"I beg your pardon, young man, were you speaking to me?" Then with the ease that no other nationality can imitate, he bade me be seated.

"I was expecting you," he added suavely. "I will show you the theater at once."

I begged the Chinaman's pardon for my rudeness and we shook hands.

His name was Tam and he was a graduate of Cambridge. In addition to managing the theater he ran a general printing shop and half Chinese and half European stationery store on Queen Central Road. We had many dealings later, and in all my business relations with all kinds of men I have known no finer or more honorable man than Mr. Tam. Indeed it is difficult for me to keep within the bounds of restraint in writing of the Chinese. I have met no finer people anywhere in the four quarters of the world.

Our performances in Hongkong were very successful. At that time there were about five thousand Europeans in the English city on the mountains and a fleet of British warships in the harbor. At the beginning of the second week the Chinese were buying tickets in advance and complaints appeared in the European papers about my allowing the natives to monopolize the better seats. I paid no attention to these complaints, and at the end of our third week our audiences were composed almost exclusively of Chinamen.

The Perfect Audience

As Chinamen of this class almost invariably speak English, we could not have asked for a more satisfactory audience. They followed my tricks with a gravity that charmed me, and a closeness to details that put me on my mettle. They were so imperturbable, so wise with the ancient wisdom of their race, that at first I felt as if I were a child showing off before my elders. Sometimes in the midst of a trick or an illusion I caught myself wondering what was going on behind those blank, inscrutable countenances, what they, who were old when the pyramids were new, thought of my little bag of tricks.

One night, Prince Chang, who was as democratic as the Prince of Wales, sat with a party of friends in the first row. He showed the keenest interest in the performance and sent word that he wanted to see me after the show.

There was no railing around the orchestra pit, which was a foot lower that the main floor. I stood in the pit in front of the Prince. As he rose to greet me, I looked in astonishment as he straightened to his full height of six feet four inches. This, added to the depth of the orchestra pit where I stood, produced a remarkable illusion. The Prince had an apparent height of seven feet four inches. He shook hands cordially, and made me a present of his walking stick.

Our business increased, until it was necessary to give daily matinées in order to accommodate the native crowds.

One day I went to Mr. Tam's store to get him to translate some advertising matter into Portuguese and print a large order of placards to ship ahead to Macao, our next stopping point. One of the clerks told me Mr. Tam was in his private office. As I had often been in this office on the third floor, I started up the back stairs. But a Chinaman barred my (*Continued on page 48*)

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The Day the World Ended

By Sax Rohmer

The Story Thus Far:

BRIAN WOODVILLE, a British explorer, is sent by the Daily World to Baden-Baden, Germany, to investigate the report that giant bats, thought to be vampires, have been seen in the Black Forest. His suspicions center upon a Madame Yburg and two men, Kluster and Paul, apparently her accomplices. A bodiless voice warns him to leave within three days.

Woodville visits the cemetery and sees a gigantic bat descend near the Felsenweir mausoleum. Then he sees Madame Yburg coming from the cemetery. Later that night comes the Second Warning.

Next day Woodville inspects Felsenweir Castle from a cliff called the Devil's Elbow. He sees men in black armor patrolling the battlements. While staring at these apparitions, he is surprised by Kluster, who explains that he is a special commissioner of the United States Secret Service. His real name is John Lonergan and he has followed Madame Yburg because she was implicated in a mysterious silencing of radio communication which, two months before, had emanated from a hidden plant near Hartford, Conn.

While dining with M. Paul, Woodville's attention is attracted by a magnificent looking German girl in the company of an older woman. Her face seems strangely familiar, but he cannot place it, nor can he learn her name.

Later Woodville and Lonergan capture M. Paul in the act of eavesdropping, only to discover that he is Gaston Max of the Paris Sûreté. Max has followed Madame Yburg because of a suspected connection with an unexplained wave of destruction thought to have been of electrical origin, which had killed every living thing (with a few exceptions, most of whom were deaf mutes) in the village of Bagnères in the Pyrénées Mountains. Max followed her to the cemetery the previous night and there heard the Voice. He believes her to be the priestess of a new cult of destruction.

While they are still comparing notes, the Voice calls each by name and pronounces the Last Warning: "You have until tomorrow midnight."

Next morning Lonergan has disappeared. Woodville and Max inspect the Felsenweir mausoleum. There is no sign of recent disturbance, but near by they notice a reconstructed tomb. A storm interrupts their investigation. As they flee before it, Woodville looks back and sees a tall, cloaked figure standing by the Felsenweir vault.

V

HAVING changed my wet clothing, had a shower bath and a brisk towelling, I came out of the bathroom and stared through open windows across rain-drenched lawns to Lichtenthaler Allée. The storm had passed, skies were blue and the day had resumed all its old serenity.

My memories of our recent investigations in the cemetery seemed already trivial — insignificant. Rain-drenched roses gave freely of their perfume; all earth was fragrant; and under the trees, which still dripped moisture, men in flannel kit and girls in flimsy summer frocks were appearing again.

Gaston Max, having also changed, presently rejoined me, wearing gorgeous plus-fours.

His expression was very thoughtful, and as he entered:

"I have been thinking hard, my friend," he said. "Do you remember the suit I am wearing?"

"I remember it very well."

"I was wearing it on Tuesday when I followed Madame Yburg to the cemetery. I had had no time to change before dinner, and later when I returned, I forgot to leave it out for the valet. . . ." From his pocket he produced a gold cigarette-case. "In the coat is my missing case!"

"GOOD!" said I, ringing for a waiter. "In a less reputable hotel you might easily have lost it."

"Yes!" Max was staring out of the open window. "I first missed it, you remember, last night."

"Quite!"

I turned, glancing at him curiously.

"Does this suggest anything to you?"

"Nothing."

"Ah! I may be wrong. To me it suggests a possible theory."

He pressed a jeweled button in the ornate case and a cigarette shot up magically, which he proffered. It was a *caporal* but I accepted it.

"Your cigarette-case is worthy of the late Harry Houdini."

Max stared at me fixedly for a moment and then glanced down at the case. There came a rap on the door, and the waiter entered.

"I am inclined to agree with you."

I was puzzled. There was a hidden significance in his words which evaded me. And having ordered cocktails, as the waiter went out:

"You seem to be hinting that there is some mystery about your loss of the case," I said.

"No," Max replied, "not about my *loss*—that was pure chance. But about the case, yes. I think so."

"Is the mystery of a private nature?"

"Not at all. But as I dislike making a fool of myself, I should prefer to check my theories before I confide them to you."

He shot a second cigarette into the palm of his hand and replaced the gold case in his pocket; then:

"Consider," he went on, "the circumstances of our last warning. You remember it?"

"Very clearly."

"Apart from its apparently supernatural character it was remarkable for one thing. . . ."

"What was that?"

"It will be clear if I simply remind you that at the time the last warning reached us *you* were expecting it."

His words puzzled me for a moment. And then:

"I think I understand what you mean," I said. "It came to me at precisely the same time as the others had come?"

"But exactly! Whereas *my* second warning had not been so accommodating. Had you considered this point?"

Frankly I admitted I had not.

"Does it seem significant to you?"

"It does."

"I will not stress this point—I may be wrong."

I had become accustomed to the presence of Madame Yburg at the luncheon hour, but although Max and I lingered she did not appear. I asked the Frenchman if he knew where she lived. He smiled wryly, and:

"Considering my profession, it seems absurd," he confessed, "but I have no idea."

"She is a very clever woman."

Max rolled a breadcrumb softly upon the cloth.

"Undoubtedly. What we know of her history proves it." He glanced across at me. "How absurd! Never before have I been at such a loss. Frankly, my friend, although we have only until midnight I have no idea how to occupy the remaining hours. No, none. In short, I have failed in the most elementary duty of a criminal investigator."

"What is that?"

"The elimination of unessentials."

"Ah!" I nodded, thinking deeply. "I see what you mean."

"I HAVE nine theories," Max went on. "Into four of them I could begin to inquire this afternoon—but of these four three are certainly wrong—and it is possible that the true solution lies amongst the other five, which I cannot investigate this afternoon, or that no one of the nine is the true solution."

I laughed.

"In these circumstances, what do you propose to do?"

"I propose," Max replied, "to retire and to meditate."

"You mean you want to be alone this afternoon?"

He nodded.

"This does not offend you?"

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Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

Those eyes were sky-blue and they met my gaze fixedly. No mistake was possible. It was the girl of the Kurhaus! "Lady of the East," I said, "may I have the honor of dancing with you?"

"Not at all."

"Good. Tonight, there is, as you must have observed, a fancy-dress dance taking place here. Such occasions always I have observed to be fruitful. Therefore, I think we shall be present."

"In fancy dress?"

Max shook his head.

"As ourselves," he answered solemnly. "Let us meet at seven o'clock in the cocktail bar and dine together."

"We shall still have five hours. . . ."

WHEN I joined Gaston Max at seven o'clock, I entered a fantastic world.

In England nowadays, except at elaborately organized affairs, the call of fancy dress falls upon deaf ears. On the Continent it is otherwise, or so it appeared to me at the moment I entered the bar.

As a rule few women penetrated to George's sanctum. Tonight provided that exception which proves the rule. Cleopatra was there with Frederick the Great in attendance. Pierrette's cigarette was being lighted by a Cardinal. Max emerged from the color scheme, the most perfectly dressed man in the room. He looked like a silk hat fresh from the hatter's.

Having procured cocktails, we edged to a space near the door.

There had been no return of the storm. The night was still and hot. I greeted a few acquaintances as presently we made our way to a somewhat remote table in the dining-room.

"Look about," said Max in a low voice, bending toward me, "and see if you can find Madame Yburg."

"You think she is here?"

"I am sure she is here."

I leaned back and looked about me. Let me confess that my quest was not a whole-hearted one. I was looking for Madame Yburg, yes! Undoubtedly she formed a link with that mysterious power which had limited our hours in Baden-Baden. But I was hoping, too, for a sight of frank blue eyes, for a glimpse of a shapely, tawny head, and of slim, sun-browned shoulders. My search was unfruitful and I sighed.

"Four and a half hours," said a voice.

I turned sharply. Gaston Max was smiling at me.

"Did I startle you?"

"Yes, I confess you did."

"It is amusing."

The sound of gay voices became a mere background, unreal, deceptive; a painted cloth against which Max and I, willy-nilly, must play a grim drama.

"It is certain," he went on, "that there are many people here tonight who belong to that invisible organization which speaks to us through the Voice. You agree with me?"

I nodded.

"Do you see our cross-eyed waiter anywhere?"

"No."

"It is possible he suspects, and has gone. Do you realize, my friend, that no violence has been offered to any of us—that only a Voice has spoken. Yet . . ." he shrugged . . . "do you doubt?"

Being conscious of a growing uneasiness almost amounting to a physical chill:

"It's impossible to doubt," I replied, "that we are up against the plans of some very rich intelligence. What those plans may be. . . ."

Max reached across the table and grasped my arm.

"Have you a match?"

I saw that he held an unlighted cigarette between his lips. Startled, I met his fixed look. Lowering his voice:

"Speak softly," he warned, "I think *somebody* is listening. . . ."

WHEN later we penetrated to that crowded ballroom, utter unreality was the keynote of my feelings. I found myself thinking of Edgar Allan Poe's Mask of the Red Death—nor should I have been surprised if the Voice, incarnate and ghastly, a menacing figure from another world, had joined the revellers.

Whom Max had suspected of eavesdropping he had not told me. Perhaps the presence of a heavily disguised group at the next table may have aroused his suspicions. Toward the end of dinner I had asked him outright if he had learned anything which I did not know.

"Yes. My meditations this afternoon resulted in one definite discovery, and one theory. I shall presently tell you what I know and what I suspect. But, now, let us mix with the dancers and look out for Madame Yburg. If you see her do not let her know—unless, of course, she is undisguised. If I leave you, do not be alarmed. But at a quarter of twelve be in your apartment."

It was all abominably mystifying. We left the dining-room and entered the ballroom. And as we pushed our way through a group of people standing immediately inside the doorway, I lost Gaston Max.

To say that he disappeared would be to suggest an illusion: The fact remains that whereas he entered beside me, on gaining the edge of the floor he was there no longer.

Admittedly I became somewhat abstracted. And for this reason:

As I reached the outer edge of the throng and gazed across the room, my glance, as though magnetically attracted, rested on the gauzily clad figure of an Arab girl. Through the holes in her mask peered two bright eyes.

These eyes, though the lids were darkened, were not the eyes of an Easterner. They were sky-blue and they met my glance fixedly. No mistake was possible.

It was the girl of the Kurhaus!

EXPLORING has taught me many things, not least among them the importance of brisk decision. Rather rudely, perhaps, I pushed my way around the edge of the dancing floor.

Some few altercations I had, for the way was crowded. But I never lost sight of my objective. She seemed to be alone and I should have thought she was looking for someone amongst the many dancers, except that her glance rarely seemed to leave mine.

Presently I found myself beside her. Despite her mask I could see that she was smiling at me.

"Lady of the East," I said—and my heart was beating rapidly—"may I have the honor of dancing with you?"

"Yes, if you like," she replied.

Her English was faultless, quite without accent, yet the intonation told me that she was not an Englishwoman.

"Thank you."

And we joined the dancers.

"You must think me very rude, or very brave," I said, "but I have seen you before."

"I know." She met my glance frankly. "I saw you in the Kurhaus last night."

I laughed, but I was glad. The confession was at once naïve and gratifying.

"And I saw *you*."

"I know you did. And somehow I knew we should meet again."

"Surely you are not here alone?" I experimented.

"No. I came with a friend, but I have lost her."

"That's odd. Precisely the same thing has happened to me."

"We seem to have quite a lot in common," she murmured.

Midnight, with its threat, was forgotten. My mission in the Black Forest sank into a gloomy background. I had found myself in touch with hideous, terrible things. Their very memory was contaminating. I was in danger, no doubt; but for one little hour I was content.

Presently, we walked out into the moonlit gardens, my companion glancing about her fearfully.

"If I'm caught," she declared, "there'll be a fearful row."

And as she preceded me down the steps I cudgelled my brain in vain for a clue to something familiar in the way she carried herself—in her intonation—in the poise of her proud head.

I was not alone in my admiration of the graceful Arab, but she was satisfied to be in my company, and of this I was absurdly proud. She was so utterly removed from the dark things which I had met with in Baden-Baden, the cemetery-haunting mysteries of the Black Forest.

We walked along beside the little laughing stream, and:

"It is only reasonable that you should know," I said, "that my name is Brian Woodville."

My companion was silent for a moment, then:

"Thank you for telling me," she replied, "but as it's all make-believe tonight, I almost wish you hadn't told me."

"What?"

"Well, in a sort of a way, I'm not supposed to be here."

"Cinderella?"

"Something like that! But if I can just call you Brian, you can call me Marusa." (*Continued on page 26*)

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"Anyhow, bud, paste this in your hat. You can't beat me with no dictaphones"

Once Shy

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By F. R. Buckley

ACQUITTED of the charge of extorting money by means of threats, and escorted by four lesser members of the racketeering profession, Mr. One-Eye Pete Stanlaws was leaving the Criminal Courts building.

From across the rotunda, the young district attorney watched him go; listening meanwhile to the almost tearful complaints of Detective-Sergeant Mackey.

"I *tolja* what'd happen, Mr. Bell! I *tolja* we'd better hold Stone as a material witness. I *tolja* Big Bill would either bump him or run him outa the state—"

"M'm. Wonder which he did do?"

"I dunno an' I don't care! This was my case, sir, an' I had Stanlaws cold. You know I had. He couldn't ha' done better'n he did in Stone's office if he'd been deliverin' a lecture on racketeerin'. He did everything except bring Big Bill into it, an' the dictaphone girls got every word. Three weeks it took me, an' now it's all thrown out because there's nobody to swear it was Stanlaws speakin'!"

"That's the trouble with dictaphones—proving the speaker."

"But if you'd locked Stone up—"

"Well, never mind, Mackey. It's not really Stanlaws we're after."

"But it's Big Bill Wales I'm thinkin' of!" protested the detective. "You know how mouthy he is. He was kiddin' me right there in the court-room, an' then I seen him talkin' to the newspaper boys. Said he'd bring up our inefficiency in the Board of Aldermen. Our lives ain't gonna be worth livin' from now on. Gosh, Mr. Bell, why didn't you hold Stone?"

"I guess," said Mr. Bell, "it must have been pure ignorance. Good-by."

Serene and reflective, he ate lunch, returned to his office, and at three that afternoon was deep in papers dealing with the hold so illegally obtained by Alderman William Wales on the city's thirst and industry, when Mr. Wales himself was announced; an adipose gentleman who wheezed as he seated himself, and smiled with agate eyes.

"I'M SURPRISED at you," said the alderman. "I am indeed. When you turned down my idea for a little coöperation, says I to myself, 'Bill, be careful. The lad must be bright.' That's what I said. An' here I find you tryin' to trip up one o' my boys with—a dictaphone. Oh dear! Oh dear me!"

He gurgled and flapped two fat hands.

"Why, I was beatin' them things when you was still in britches! Back when I was contractin' for the highways they tried the first one. Only both the operators lost their notes. Generally it's easier to get the identifyin' witness, though. Like in this case. Anyhow, bud, paste this in your hat. You can't beat me with no dictaphones. Nor with anything else. But especially not dictaphones. Oh dear me!"

"Well, admitting that—?" asked the district attorney.

Mr. Wales examined him.

"Well, I came up here to ride you a bit—just for your own good," he said, after thought, "you bein' so new in office. But it don't strike me you look quite as know-it-all as you did. Disillusioned about dictaphones, maybe. More inclined to listen to reason?"

"What reason?"

Mr. Wales rose ponderously; opened and closed both doors of the office; and returned to lean confidentially over the district attorney's desk.

"I said twenty-five thousand before; but if you're over all this nonsense, I'll make it thirty—an' a cut if you'll lend a hand with the federals. Five per cent on the beer. An' I ain't askin' you for anything, anyway. You can't stop the rackets unless you stop me; an' there's nothin' you'll get me on, until you get a long way past dicta—"

Mr. Bell likewise arose.

"Except," he said, "attempting to bribe an officer in the execution of his duty. Serious charge for an alderman, though."

HE LIFTED a sheet of paper and exposed a small black disc. A harmless-looking little object; which yet produced an extraordinary effect on Mr. William Wales.

His eyes bulged; and his usually oleaginous voice became suddenly in urgent need of lubricant.

"What—what—"

"Oh, I thought you were familiar with them," said young Mr. Bell; and pressed a button. "That's a dictaphone. To two police stenographers. I'm the identification witness. I sort of thought you'd be up to crow about Stone. That's why I left him lying around loose."

A uniformed officer appeared in the doorway. The district attorney coughed, and with diffident finger indicated his visitor.

"Oh, Clancy—" he said.

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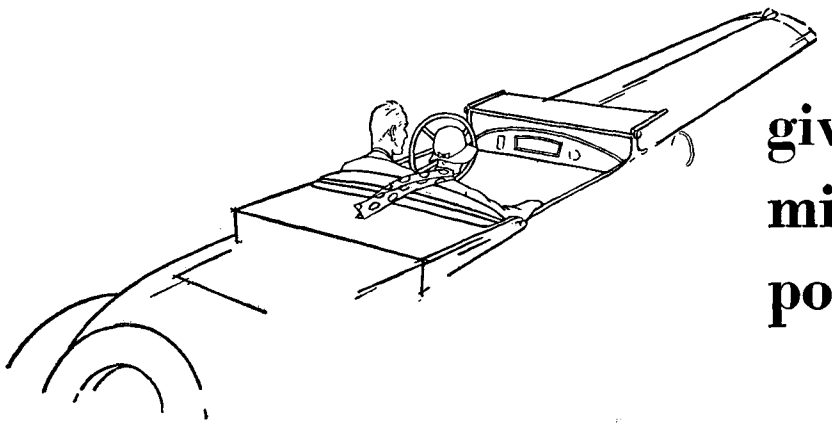
the New Mobiloil



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will keep the first-year feel in your engine for at least 30,000 miles

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It shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for certain prominent cars. If your car is not listed below, see complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1929 Engine		1928 Engine		1927 Engine		1926 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn, 6-66	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Buick	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Chandler Special Six	....	....	A	Arc.	A	A	....	....
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler, 4-cyl.	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" Imperial	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	A	A	A
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
De Soto	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	A	Arc.
Erskine	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford, Model A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" Model T	....	....	....	....	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	BB	BB	BB
Gardner, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A
Graham-Paige	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
La Salle	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
Marmon, 8-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
" *other models*	....	....	BB	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash, Adv. & Sp. 6	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless, 72, 90, 91	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Plymouth	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stearns Knight, 6-80	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" *other models*	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Velie, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" 6-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.

IF the above figures make you skeptical—if they cause you to say: "No oil could do that"—please be assured that the records on which they are based are even *more startling!*

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" BOYS OF LIMITED PHYSICAL CAPACITY TRY TO KEEP UP WITH STRONGER TYPES ...."
" YOUTH IS INCLINED TO HAVE TOO MUCH PEP.... A DESIRE TO EXCEL!..."
" THE WEIGHT THROWER MUST DEVELOP HIS LEGS... THE SPRINTER HIS ARMS...."
" THE DAWN OF MANHOOD OFTEN ACTS AS A WHIP TO A SOMEWHAT IMMATURE BODY..."
" A FAMOUS WEIGHT LIFTER... WORKED FOR MONTHS TO STRENGTHEN HIS FINGERS..."

Twig Bending

By Grantland Rice

Get 'em young, teach 'em right and you have future champ material. Mike Sweeney, who has trained thousands of boys, says it's all a matter of form

IN THESE United States there are now something like eight or ten million young people between the ages of fourteen and eighteen who in no time at all will be directing the destinies of the nation.

Those of middle age and older are already set in their habits and beyond direction and development. But molding this younger generation is of great importance.

A big part of this building-up belongs to the province of sport, youth's instinctive element, where physical condition, mental alertness and character can all be handled effectively.

These youngsters want to be strong and healthy. They want to learn right. So to get the best information possible for their benefit I turned to Michael F. Sweeney, the famous director of the physical training department of The Hill School at Pottstown, Pa.

"Most preparatory-school boys," he said, "range from seventeen to eighteen years of age, an age of tremendous growth of bones, muscles and all the vital organs. Delicate adjustments of these organs have to be made. It is also a period of great change in the emotional phases of boy life. It is the dawn of manhood. It is a period of adventure. They want to achieve and excel. There is a strong desire to test strength and skill. Because of these forces, which often act as whips to a somewhat immature and growing body, care should be exercised that the boy's body is not overtaxed."

"Don't you think it is important," Mr. Sweeney was asked, "that a boy should take up a variety of sports and look after his all-around development?"

"Absolutely," he said. "In all forms of athletics nearly every muscle in the body plays some part in the effort. I recall a certain famous weight lifter who had to work for months to strengthen his fingers. The sprinter, hurdler and jumper must develop his shoulders, chest and arms; the weight thrower his legs; the football player must have strong upper body development.

"I believe the average boy should take up a variety of work. This variation develops not only a large group of muscles but it also has a big influence on developing muscular coördination, lack of effort, distribution of weight and balance."

There is always an argument at hand regarding the main factors that develop a champion. Mr. Sweeney suggested the two main ingredients: Form or the mechanical side, and natural ability plus the character forces.

"From the mechanical side," he said, "every high performance contains three essential elements that every boy should study. First, Form; second, Speed; third, Timing of Effort. The importance of acquiring the sound fundamentals of form during school days cannot be too highly stressed because this is the most plastic period. The longer boys practice incorrect form the harder it is to break."

Developing Healthy Form

First they must learn balance and body position, where the weight belongs to get maximum effort. Next in importance is the education, training and placing of arms, hands and feet in the best possible position to assist in the application of power.

There are some mechanical laws which prep school athletes should watch through pictures or by studying some good athlete in action.

(1) Note the general angle and position of the body, head, arms, legs and feet approaching the point of effort.

(2) Note the general angle of body, arms, legs, etc., at the exact point of extreme effort.

(3) Particular importance should be attached to the position of the legs with relation to the body. The legs must be the base of effort.

Get a clear picture in your mind of the form you wish and then concentrate on this picture. Next, remember that you cannot learn new form and make a strong physical effort at the same time. Strong effort switches the thought from form to effort, and effort takes you back to the old and more accustomed method. Acquiring new and correct form means work, concentration and perseverance. Never practice form when mentally or physically tired. Bad habits are developed in this way.

"The second essential, speed," said Mr. Sweeney, "is a vital necessity often overlooked. Few realize how much it aids form and timing. Sprinting and running should be given a prominent place in all training. This should include the practice of quick starts, of fast and active footwork. Remember that form comes before speed. Having developed form, speed is a big help in retaining it under fire."

Timing is a most important factor. It means smoothness and rhythm of effort with good judgment of distance. It means mental and muscular coördination. It can be developed by all.

I asked Mr. Sweeney just how much work a boy should handle. "The amount of work," he said, "should vary in kind and intensity with the age, physical condition and previous training experience. A boy of fourteen should do less than one of seventeen. The tall, thin and growing boy should not be worked as hard as the more normal type. Boys should not make an extreme effort in any sport for the first three or four weeks, and then only twice in the next month. The average boy does not know that muscles have their limitations and must be cared for. Periods of rest are important. Overwork weakens muscular growth and helps to break up form. I think underwork is better than overwork, because the tendency of most healthy boys is to overwork. Working yourself ragged is not only poor training but digging your grave for an early athletic demise."

The Dangers of Overstressing

It is a mistake to force those who are lagging to keep up with the others. I think the following types are in danger of burning out at an early age if not carefully watched:

1. Physiologically immature boys who take part in too strenuous sports.
2. More mature boys who are subjected to competition too frequently.
3. In track, boys running too many time trials without sufficient rest.
4. Boys who are in competitive sports through an entire season.
5. Boys of limited physical capacity trying to keep up with the stronger types.
6. Boys who take sport too seriously —the overambitious, worrying types.

Naturally the boy who goes in for tobacco, alcohol or other strong stimulants won't have the same chance to excel as other boys have who lead cleaner lives.

Mike Sweeney is a hundred per cent right when he stresses the importance of correct form at an age where correct form is easy to build. The average boy doesn't realize what a great chance he has in this respect and how important it is that he shall select the correct patterns to follow and study.

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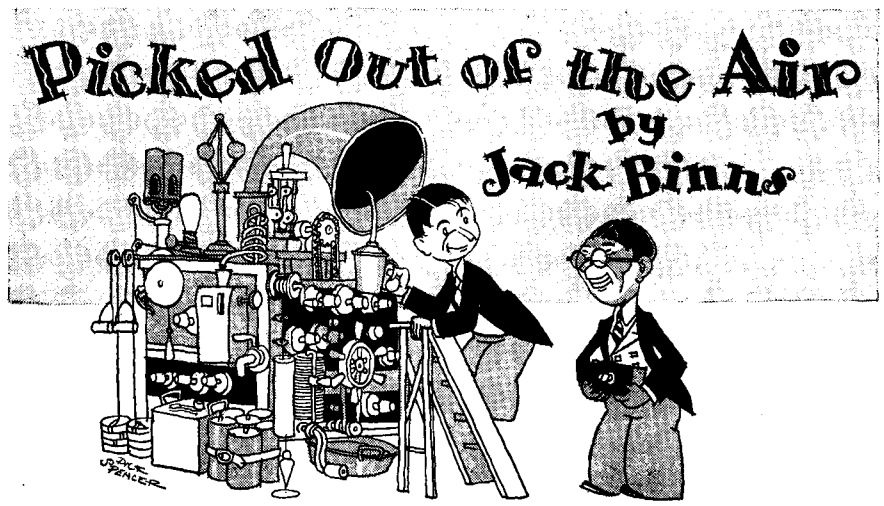

SOME five or six years ago when I was trying to tell readers of a metropolitan newspaper how to manipulate the many knobs that adorned radio receiving sets at that time, there came to my office an affable young Chinaman carrying a tiny box under his arm. Inside it was the smallest powerful radio receiver I had seen. The owner's name was Wu—Mr. W. Y. Wu.

Now Wu came to see me as a result of a request I had made through an associate who was studying with him at Columbia. This associate had told me of the remarkable design Wu had worked out, and I was anxious to see it. The set was based on Major Armstrong's newly developed super-regenerative invention that was then sweeping the country.

In telling this little incident I am leading up to the news that has just reached me. Wu has been appointed chief radio engineer of the Chinese government at Shanghai, and when he returns to his native land he will take with him the equipment necessary for the construction of two large radio stations, one to establish direct communication with the United States, and the other to establish direct contact with Europe—neither of which has yet been done.

During his sojourn in this country Wu passed through the Universities of Illinois, Cornell and Columbia with high honors, and completed his education in the engineering department of a large light and power company. Now he is about to apply the knowledge gained here to the task of bringing his own country into closer contact with the rest of the world, and, by so doing, to make use of radio in its greatest rôle—of creating lasting good-will among human beings the world over.

Doubling in Brass

SOME efficiency engineers look with sorrow on the broadcast stations scattered about the country. There are more than 600 of them and they form a perfect network of communication, but for eight hours every day they are completely idle. O. H. Caldwell, former radio commissioner, gave voice to this sorrow recently when he pointed out that the stations might be used during night hours for communication purposes.

Aside from the obvious fact that a great many of these broadcast stations are absolutely wasted—day as well as night—it does look as though an additional use may be found for the broadcast network of stations in the near future. This will depend upon the ultimate success of experiments that have been undertaken by the Marconi Company in Great Britain.

Quite recently the station at Bridgewater in England and a station in Montreal, Canada, were used in the experiments. While the Hon. F. G. Kellaway, former British Postmaster General, was talking to Vice President Perry of the Canadian Marconi Company by radio telephony, another message was being pounded out on a brass key by radio telegraph on the same wave length between the two stations.

There seems to be no reason why the dots and dashes of telegraphy could not be produced at a frequency above human hearing so that they would not cause interference with conversation. If this is worked out, some real public service may be obtained from the broadcast stations in this country, and that would help to pay for their upkeep.

The Hoboes' Hades

THE Board of Guardians of the ancient and honorable town of Tavistock in England has voted against the installation of radio in the casual ward. This attitude may, at first glance, seem hard-hearted, but when I point out that a "casual" is the English equivalent of an American "bum" and a casual ward is no hospital you will understand why the sturdy men of Devon are afraid a radio set would bring an influx of Weary Willies into their midst.

Villain Still Pursues Her

IN THE early days of the movies a weekly thriller known as The Clutching Hand ran serially and drew a popeyed audience with unfailing regularity. Apparently the powers-that-be in WABC's New York studio have been engaged in retrospection, for they have decided to put on a daily serial as a relief to the odds and ends.

The new serial is known as The Haunted House. Each installment will be complete in itself and, so far as I know, the serial may run forever. For the sake of domestic freedom from interminable speculation I trust there will be no more than one murder a week and that the heroine will not be left in the villain's clutches more than two days at a time before the hero rescues her.

The Day the World Ended

Continued from page 21

"Marusa. Surely that's Russian?"

"I suppose it is. Except that in my case I think it's Polish."

"But you speak perfect English."

"I was educated in England."

"And your home is here?"

"Yes." She hesitated. "At least temporarily."

The band had been playing for a long time, but I was loath to return; until:

"I'm afraid I must go back," Marusa said. "There'll be a perfect hue and cry if I'm missing."

"By whom?"

She paused perceptibly before replying:

"The friend I came with. Please let's go back."

We returned slowly.

"You don't mean you're going home yet, surely?"

"I'm afraid I may be."

"But . . ."

"I don't want to. I should love to stay."

"Then if you're dragged away, at least tell me where I can see you again."

"I can't possibly tell you that—but now that I know your name . . ."

"Yes . . . ?"

She stopped in sight of the hotel steps and glanced at me quickly, then away again.

"Do you really want to see me?"

"You know I do."

"Well . . . you're staying here, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps we can meet again sometime."

She walked on and passed up the steps, I following. At the glazed door, she halted, extending one round, brown arm to check me.

"Please hide!" she urged. "There's someone looking for me!"

The sincerity of her words was unmistakable.

"Good night," I said. "Promise to see me again."

Marusa turned and met my fixed glance for a moment. She nodded slightly. Then she went in and I lost sight of her.

A pair of wandering dancers followed a moment later, however, and gave me the cover which I needed. I entered the lobby behind them.

Marusa was standing in animated conversation with another Arab lady, almost identically dressed!

WHO was this guarded beauty and why was she so mysteriously reticent?

It was sufficient evidence of my infatuation that with the unknown peril of midnight hanging over my head I determined to find out.

I thought I had entered unobserved, and crossing to a distant table I took up a strategic position behind a raised newspaper. As I had suspected, the two women went out. I rushed to a window.

The hall porter was going for a car. I stood up and moved toward the door. A fresh-faced, bespectacled clergyman, who, regardless of festivities in the neighboring ballroom, had been reading the Berliner Tageblatt at a near-by table, stood up a moment later and walked in the same direction. He carried a soft, black hat; and as I watched a big car draw up at the steps and saw the hall porter assisting the Arab ladies to enter it, the priest collided with me.

"Pray excuse me, sir," came a soft clerical voice. "The error was mine. You see, I am very shortsighted."

"Sorry," I said, "I am entirely to blame."

I pushed the door open and hurried down the steps. The car was just moving off.

"Porter!" I cried, when:

"One moment," said the clergyman. He was at my elbow again. "I think I know your purpose. Do I divine that you are interested in the ladies who have just driven away?"

I turned and stared at him angrily.

"Even so, what business is it of yours?"

"None, my dear sir," he admitted. "It is not my place to rebuke. Indeed I rejoice in the works of the Almighty but I may be able to save you a fruitless journey."

The hall porter had now joined us, and:

"Yes, sir," he said, "do you want a taxi?"

"I don't think we do," the mysterious clergyman replied. "We have changed our plans."

"Very good, sir."

EXHIBITING a surprising power of grip, my priestly acquaintance urged me down the steps and we moved right, in the direction of the garden.

"My friend," he continued benevolently, as the hall porter stood staring after us, "I am happy to have been of service to you in this small matter."

I watched the car driving over the bridge, and disappearing into the shadowy distances of Lichtenthaler Allée.

"The nature of your services is not apparent," I said angrily.

But now, passing around the end of the building:

"Listen!" growled the priest.

He spoke in another voice! He released his grip on my arm and I turned, staring at him through shadows.

"You've got me now," he went on. "And I'm going to say we have to jump to it. I'm known as Rev. Josiah Higgins of Sydney, Australia. But I'm not sure the change is going to help along a whole lot. It's three hours to midnight!"

I inhaled deeply, then:

"Lonergan!" I said.

"Sure. But don't collect too big a crowd by loud applause. You've got a crush on the copper-haired maiden. That's in order—no queries. But what I figure you don't know is the identity of her girl friend."

"The other woman?"

"She's the jane I mean . . . *Madame Yburg!*

"I know a cut-in," added Lonergan, "to where I figure they aim for. If we move fast maybe we can beat 'em to it."

I followed his lead. Presently we climbed out into a neglected kitchen garden.

"Keep me in sight," said Lonergan, "but don't talk."

We crossed an open space, so shadowed by tall trees that no moonlight penetrated to it, and at last, after a terrific climb, came out on a winding road. Below us lay trees: the town lower yet. Above us were more trees through which I caught a glimpse of a white wall. Lonergan began to run. I followed.

He turned aside and plunged up the bank in the direction of the wall. It was a hard scramble and once he stumbled to his knees. He recovered and went on. As we reached the wall—only some four feet high—I inhaled sharply and stared at my companion.

We had come to the cemetery!

"Lonergan," I said, "what's the meaning of this? They cannot possibly be here!"

He rested his hand on my arm.

(*Continued on page 28*)

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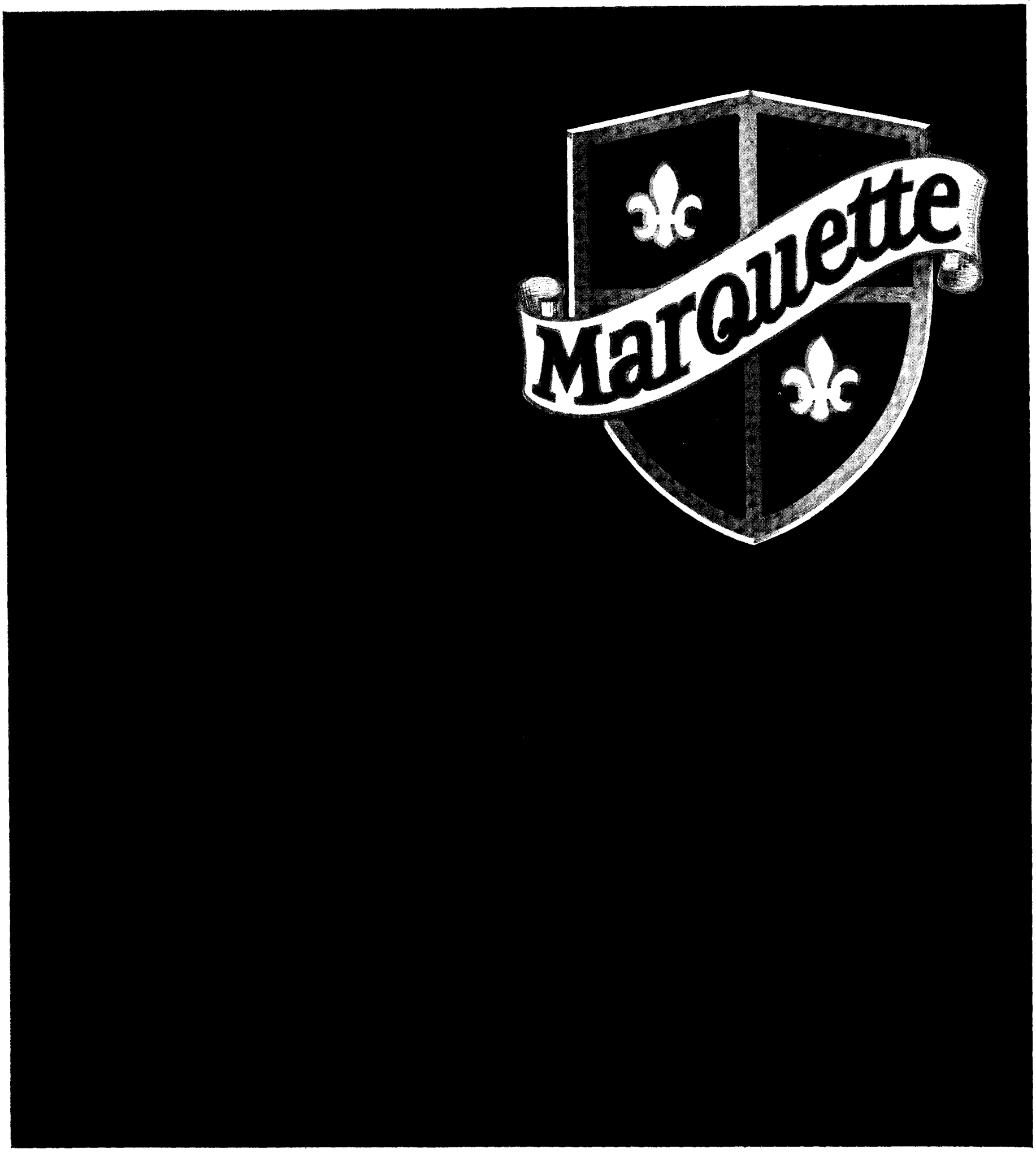

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The Day the World Ended

Continued from page 26

"Listen!"

We both listened intently. But I could detect no sound.

There was a drop of some eight feet on the other side, the level being much below that of the bank upon which we stood. Lonergan climbed over and dropped. *I followed and found myself* in the oldest part of the burial-ground.

We were not twenty yards from the Felsenweir mausoleum. I could see it outlined in the moonlight; a somber, mysterious building.

Lonergan crept forward, choosing shadowy places between the tombs. Inspired by those ghostly surroundings, terrible ideas flocked to my mind. In the Middle Ages, many vampires were reputed to be young and lovely; deathless youth in a living death. . . .

I was checked by a grip on my arm that made me wince.

But I, too, had heard the sound.

Someone was moving softly along on the farther side of the Felsenweir vault!

We crouched down by a moss-grown monument. Blackly one corner of the building lay outlined upon the ancient pathway. I could hear Lonergan breathing. But that faint sound of ghostly movement had ceased.

What I expected to see I cannot attempt to describe. What I did see was an incredibly elongated shadow slowly creeping forward—slowly creeping forward. . . .

A headless figure!

IT IS difficult to explain my feelings at this moment. Tense though my curiosity was, redoubled by the shock of tonight's discovery, I wanted desperately to close my eyes . . . *not* to see the Thing which, slowly creeping forward, must soon appear.

Lonergan's grip upon my arm tightened.

The shape—draped in black from head to feet—glided into the moonlight. . . .

A monk!

My heart was beating wildly. This was so true to pattern, so traditional, yet so ghastly. The shape moved forward, and I saw that what I had mistaken for a black garment was actually purple.

Crouching in an unnatural position, at this moment my foot slipped. I stumbled. Instantly the figure turned.

Under the hood of what I now saw to be a sort of purple domino, keen eyes stared at me.

We were discovered!

Lonergan's grip relaxed. His hand shot to his hip and he sprang upright. So did I.

"Great heavens!" The hooded man spoke—in a low voice. "It is you!"

Gaston Max!

Lonergan's hand dropped to his side. He uttered a sound resembling a subdued whistle.

"Suffering Moses!" he said. "This proposition's got me shot to ribbons!"

Max silently joined us, and:

"You are following the two women?"

He spoke urgently in an undertone. He was agitated.

"Sure."

"They are here! Move farther back—still farther . . . I arrived one minute too late. They disappeared by the Felsenweir vault. . . . They have not come out!"

In dense darkness, under the high wall, we crouched. We were silent. Twenty yards removed, palled in shadow, vaguely resembling the Kaaba at Mecca, the vault of the Felsenweirs jutted up against a starry sky.

I reflected that no one seemed to know where Madame Yburg lived. I could not forget that I had met her coming from this place under circumstances which she had never satisfactorily explained. Marusa's residence was equally a mystery. Could it be *possible*. . . .

MY IDEAS led me into a maze of ghoulish horrors. Then a hollow booming sound disturbed my ghastly train of thoughts.

I had heard it before . . . and suddenly, I remembered when! I became conscious of a sort of vibration—a drumming in my ears—a sense of pressure.

Lonergan was very still.

"Mon Dieu!"

Gaston Max's whisper was barely audible.

Above the roof of the vault floated a gigantic bat!

Great wings outspanned and long body held almost horizontal, without perceptible movements of flight, the thing swept swiftly upward into starry darkness.

I clutched Lonergan's arm convulsively.

Higher the horror mounted, fast, ever faster, effortlessly—up and up and up—until it looked no larger than a nighthawk far above our heads.

Then . . . from out of the blue came a remote buzzing, like an amplified drone of a wasp. I saw that the bat was headed westward . . . toward Castle Felsenweir! . . .

A SECOND purplish winged monster arose from the tomb—a creature identical in every respect! Upward it went—upward—soundlessly. At what I judged to be the same elevation as the other, came that high, strange drone.

The second bat headed westward in the track of the first. . . .

That painful throbbing in my ears ceased. Deep down, from under our feet it seemed, came the dim rumbling. It died away. Silence claimed the old cemetery.

I cannot recall that I have ever before found myself in such a state of passive terror. I was literally bathed in cold perspiration.

That we had seen and heard things of another world would appear to be indisputable. That Madame Yburg and Marusa—Marusa!—were ghouls, witches, vampires, name them as you please, presented itself as a fact no logic could assail.

Lonergan spoke, hoarsely:

"Good God! Unless we're all mad, I say that tonight we've heard the gates of Hell open and shut!"

"There will be time enough after midnight to talk—if we are still alive," said Gaston Max. He tossed his purple domino across his shoulder. "Until then, it is vital that we should act. I have my car hidden below. We can reach it in a few minutes. Attack is always the best defense. . . . If I knew one thing, I should propose a plan."

We were following a footpath which would bring us to the town.

"Propose the plan," Lonergan growled, "and then tell us the one thing you don't know."

"Very well, my plan would be this: to drive to the woods below Felsenweir and under cover of darkness to climb up and try to explore that mysterious ruin."

He paused for a moment, and then:

"Felsenweir is the heart of the mystery, my friends," he added simply. "It was to Felsenweir the bats flew."

We walked on in silence for a while.

"I should move to accept your plan," said Lonergan, "only I kind of feel we're invisibly covered all the time. . . . That's why I changed my identity."

"Forget this feeling!" cried Gaston Max. "Presently I shall prove to you that such is not the case."

"Is that so? If you're right maybe *I can help things along.* What is it you don't know?"

"I don't know how to reach this ruin. I have investigated cautiously—very cautiously. In daytime it would be madness to attempt it. The original entrance is closed and is barred. Quite impossible without ladders. It is then a great climb to the castle ruins. I have explored every foot of the base of that hill but have found not a single point where one could penetrate with hope of climbing to the top."

"You surprise me a whole lot," Lonergan declared. "I've explored it too, but here's the difference: I *found* a way."

"What is this?"

"I know a way in! It's camouflaged, but I found it."

"Triumph!" Max cried excitedly. "Do you carry a pocket torch?"

"Sure."

"So also do I. My friends, we are three and, I take it, all armed. Let us be resolute and as right is on our side, it may be that we shall unmask even the Voice!"

Five minutes later in Max's Hispano-Suiza—we were speeding along empty roads toward the hill of Felsenweir. I was unfamiliar with the route, but Max, who drove, clearly knew it well. He pushed on at a speed dangerous for a less skillful driver. Then suddenly he slowed up. He negotiated a hairpin bend, and:

"The woods of Felsenweir," he said. "On which side of the gateway is this entrance you have found, my friend?"

"East," Lonergan growled, "but it's going to be some cross-word puzzle to find at night."

"All the same, we must find it."

Here the road lay white under the moon and Max shut off his headlights.

"Don't drive past the gate!" I said suddenly— "Wherever the gate may be. Someone—or *something*—might be on guard there."

At my words, Max slowed up—stopped altogether. He turned and stared at me in the darkness.

"I'm with you," said I. "But let's observe common precautions. Where's the gateway?"

"It is about another five hundred yards," Max decided.

"And have we to pass it, Lonergan, to reach this point which you discovered?"

"We surely have."

"Is there no other route?"

"There is!" Max replied; "though it will cost us fifteen minutes. However!"

HE FOUND a spot at which it was just possible to turn the car and we retraced our route for a considerable distance and then turned south along a narrow bad road.

I could see the sky and the stars and a sort of scarred piece of countryside covered with stunted vegetation and a few trees. Max slowed up.

"Here," said he, "up to the time of Countess Adelheid, the village of Felsenweir stood."

The road became all but impassable, inclining easterly. Then, where a fleeting glimpse of stars came again, I saw that we were headed north once more.

"Go easy," Lonergan growled.

We proceeded very slowly.

"Stop!"

We got out in darkness on to an uneven road. Twenty paces ahead a moon patch lay stark across the path and it pierced some little way up the Felsenweir slopes.

"It's just beyond the light a bit," Lonergan said. "Maybe we're safer to leave the car right here!"

"Someone must stay to guard the car!" Max stated simply. "Our retreat might be cut off. And then. . . ."

I imagined him shrugging in the darkness.

"Suffering Moses!" said Lonergan. "You're right! Listen! We all carry German money. Everybody lay a coin on this running-board. Odd man for guard duty."

There was a moment of silence—broken only by the sound of metal on metal. Lonergan snapped up his torch, snapped it off again.

"I am unlucky," said Max resignedly. "This is the plan I have thought out. Be cautious, but try to reach the ruins. If we can be sure they are inhabited, then without delay, tonight, we will use official pressure and this place shall be raided. . . . Good fortune, my friends! . . ."

(*To be continued next week*)

Speak Up or Dry Up

A challenge to the enemies of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Law

By Senator

WILLIAM E. BORAH

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

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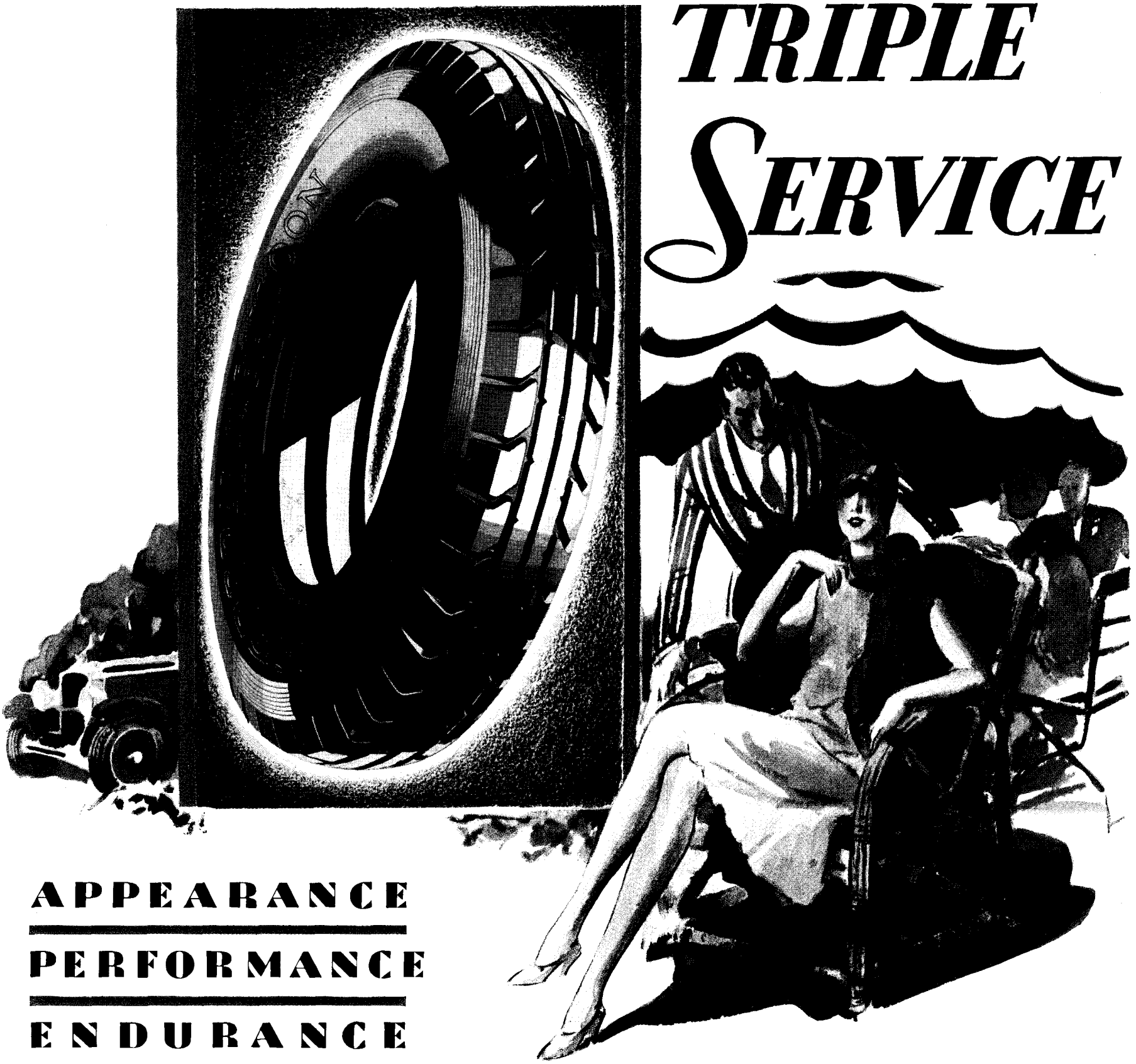

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But this morning, it was *all* "nip." "Why, good morning!" exclaimed the executive with a mocking smile. "Pull up a chair, won't you? I'm delighted that you came in.

"You see, I've just gotten to the bottom of why we lost our oldest customer yesterday. One of our girls lost a letter of his in the files a couple of months ago. And I wanted to have a nice little chat with you about records and mistakes and . . ."

The salesman took his "spanking" with a smile, and when the Vice-president stopped for breath, said: "I'd like to have a couple of days to look over your office systems. I think I can stop these mistakes."

"Go to it," answered the executive, "stop a tenth of them and I'll buy you the finest hat in Pittsburgh."

New facts and figures save $31,000 the first month

THE following morning, the salesman pitched in . . . a Remington Rand analyst at his side.

Almost at once, they discovered that each of the Company's 78 branches had its own whimsical ideas of records. And that the Company, as a result, had, not one, but 79 systems of records.

Within two weeks a modern system of unified records had been O.K'd by the Vice-president. But before the installation was half completed, things started popping. New information began to emerge from the records. New facts! . . . new figures never before available to the executive.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For the first time, they had comparative figures on sales, expenses and profits by products and territories . . . yesterday's figures while they were fresh enough to use in directing tomorrow's operations. Sales improved. Expenses fell. Profits rose.

And then, most unexpectedly, the new, unified records brought to the Vice-president's attention such growing discrepancies in the branch stock records, that he made a personal tour of the branch warehouses, and found over $1,500,000 lying idle in over-stocks.

The first month's savings on inventory reductions alone ran $31,000. Six months later, savings had mounted so high that the directors felt justified in surprising the stockholders with a pleasant, *extra* dividend.

These modern ways
to profits

ALADDIN'S LAMP had nothing on modern office systems and appliances in the way of miracles. In less than a generation, they have changed the whole face of American business.

But now, they are changing the whole *pace* of American business. Executives finding that, armed with these new-day *controls*, they can roll back the old frontiers of sales . . . pile up volume . . . cut down expense . . . and *control net profits* with a certainty undreamed of 10 years ago.

No event of the past decade has been more timely than the consolidation of the leading office appliance manufacturers into one closely co-operating organization.

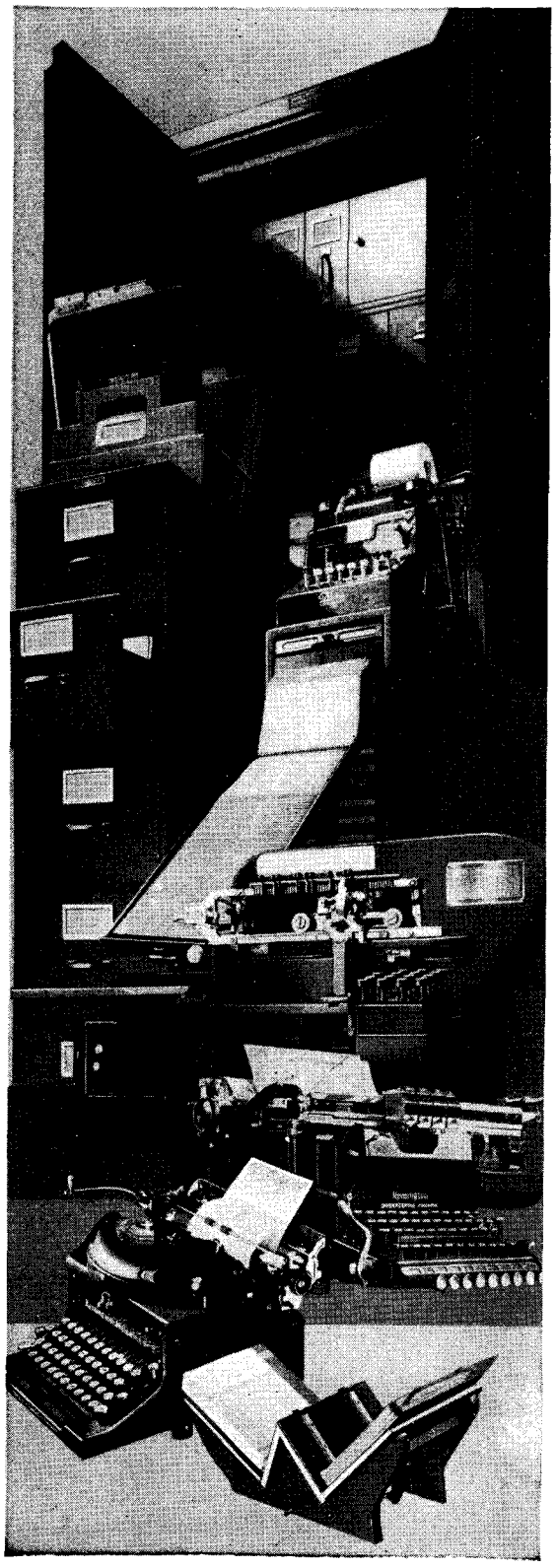
4,000 of the best informed men in the office appliance industry are at your service. Never before has there been such a pooling of specialized abilities. Never have business men been able to turn to such a wealth of *authoritative* information on modern and successful business methods and ideas.

With the most practical office systems, records and appliances in existence gathered into one line, you can centralize your entire office purchasing. And the Remington Rand man who comes to your office will be absolutely *unbiased* in his advice.

A telephone call brings
to your assistance this array
of trained minds

HOWEVER smoothly your office may be running, there is always the chance that it might be improved by a simple change in method, or a new idea. Why not be sure? Whatever the size of your business, the service is at your disposal. Call in a Remington Rand man from our nearest office.

THE GREAT EMANCIPATORS



Remington Rand

BUSINESS SERVICE

REMINGTON *Typewriters and Accounting Machines* . . . LIBRARY BUREAU *Filing Systems and Indexing Service* RAND & KARDEX *Visible Records* . . . SAFE-CABINET *Record Protection Devices* . . . INDEX VISIBLE . . . POWERS *Accounting Machines* . . . DALTON *Adding & Bookkeeping Machines* . . . KALAMAZOO & BAKER-VAWTER *Loose Leaf Equipment*

Executive Offices, Buffalo, New York. Sales Offices in all Leading Cities

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Underwear of Quality

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

B.V.D.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The illustration shows the famous **B. V. D. UNION SUIT. $1.35** the suit

The letters "B", "V" and "D" alone are merely three letters of the alphabet. But together they stand for the greatest Underwear Value in terms of Style, Comfort and Quality a man's money ever bought. Before you accept a garment look for this famous trio of letters on the label.

B.V.D.

The three letters B. V. D. on the label of a garment identify it as a product of the B. V. D. Co., Inc. It will pay you to look for them.

B.V.D. Products: Union Suits–Coat Shirts–Pull-Over Shirts–Knee Drawers–Shorts–Youths' Union Suits–Children's Waist Suits

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Detroitism - what is it?

Continued from page 13

1924 and has increased yearly since then.

What has most completely baffled the European scientists, who have studied the rise and fall of prosperous and powerful nations in other times, is that employees, who are known to politicians in Europe as "the lower orders," are getting an amazingly large share of our increases in property and that their share is so constantly increasing that even Lenin himself couldn't deny that many of America's workers, under Detroitism, are receiving the same sort of share in what they produce that he planned, but could not get, for Russian workmen under Communism.

Employees in the United States receive over fifty-seven per cent of the yearly realized income of the nation; it was only fifty-three per cent before the war.

The Rooms of the Future

Greedy landlords have always been the bane, in song and story, of the poor. If we're getting richer, then landlords should be getting less of our money. Well, the figures show they are. Fifteen per cent of the national income in 1913 was taken from renters; today it is thirteen per cent. What used to be rent money, among many of us, is now our own building money.

All building today being done for the future is being done on a larger-room scale for the individual. One hundred and forty-nine square feet was the residential construction for each person added to the population back in 1913. Today this figure is 286 square feet. It's as if each individual of us was planning sometime to move from a room twelve by twelve, to one sixteen by sixteen. At least that's the rate we're fixing for our children. The crowded slums are on the way out. Better housing is appearing all over America.

Faster than our population grows, faster even than our national income increases, do we speed up our expenditures for health preservation, recreation, charities, education and hospitals.

Not even one measly little billion did our states and larger cities spend for these aids to decent living even as recently as 1915; a meager 860 millions was the sum so expended in that year. That was about 2.4 per cent of the national income. The importance of these things is becoming so plain to all of us that recently our state and city governments, with little protest on our part, have spent almost as much as three billion dollars in one year—almost three and one-half per cent of the total national income—for such social benefits.

Only one youth in ten between the ages of fifteen and nineteen was lucky enough to enter high school in 1913. That made high school students rather a select little army of something over a million.

Going to high school these days is not so great a distinction. About one in three is now the average. High school attendance today is over 3,250,000. Maybe some of our worry over the "morals of students" grows out of the fact that there are so many more students, and that in high school we are looking at a larger cross-section of American youth than in other days.

We've become rich enough or wise enough to spend ten times as much money for high schools, yearly, as we did twelve years ago. Compare the national high school bill of $69,000,000 in 1913 with the $698,000,000 bill of today.

And what about the higher schools? Why even sending a son or daughter to college or university isn't the stunt it used to be. Only one in 300 of our college-age youths went to seats of higher learning before the war. Almost three times as many go now. Today the boy or girl who goes to a college or university is only one in a hundred, roughly speaking.

Europe thinks her war debt is big. We spend two and a half billion dollars a year on free education. Four years of that would almost wipe out the war debts.

Education, as facts show, is no longer considered a luxury in America. Where a nation of over 120,000,000 that considers higher education a necessity for each of its 20,000,000 children, is going to wind up in the national scale is a problem that's just as new with mankind as the motor car or the radio—a thing brand new in the world.

There's good sense in our social progress, too. Not long ago in a certain penitentiary a warden, who is able under the wise laws of his state to pay fair wages to convicts for work they do, proudly boasted:

"We never let a home be broken up because the bread winner of the family is sent here as a prisoner. Prisoners' wages go into a fund to keep the homes of prisoners' families unbroken."

Changes, so the investigators have discovered, have reached our dinner table. You'll recognize many of them as you read on.

Better Food and Less of It

Strange as it may seem at first glance, the table use of corn is a test of prosperity. The higher the income in homes, the less is spent for corn. And the higher American incomes have risen, the less corn meal we have consumed per person. Today we eat only one fifth of the corn meal we consumed back in the hard and grim eighties.

We are inclined, as we grow more affluent, to let animals eat our corn for us, and then, in turn, eat the animals. Corn is still among our largest crops, but our corn bill for the table falls, and our meat bill correspondingly rises as our wealth increases.

In a prosperous year you, roughly speaking, eat your weight in meat. The average meat consumption per person is about 155 pounds. Over half of this will be in the form of pork, fattened, in the main, on corn.

Sugar is a prosperity food. No other people on earth can afford as much of it as we use. No year would be complete for you, speaking in averages, that did not yield you your quota of 110 pounds of sugar. That's almost twice as much as Americans of the eighties could afford.

Chicken—there's another yardstick of standards of living, though it applies more to city than to country folk. Compare 214 with 340 and you have the quantity in millions of pounds of the increase in poultry sales to city folk in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston since 1920.

We're eating less food in quantity, however, than in 1910. Salaried persons in offices eat less than wage earners in industries, and salaried persons have grown more rapidly in number than toilers. Eating to be slender is another factor in the reduction in food consumption. Still another explanation is education, which is becoming general, against overeating.

President Hoover's investigators point out that our eating habits are undoubtedly growing more sensible. Our very large and ever-increasing consumption of salad oils, made, in large part, from cottonseed, and appearing frequently in what used to be a rich man's luxury, mayonnaise dressing, shows how we are turning to leafy vegetables and fresh fruits in salad form.

We have already regretted the fact that no scientist could measure the value of women's work in the home. However that may be, the fact remains that her toil is growing lighter every year.

She buys more package foods for the table, foods which her mother laboriously cooked over a hot fire. Old-fashioned folk rant about this. But the fact remains that housewives of the early days of this century did not have the same opportunity to purchase well-prepared foods, of a great variety, in package form.

The Telephone for Ventilation

The slave of electricity is being summoned to perform more and more of the toil in our homes. Our electrical business in the final year of the old century involved less than 100 million dollars. It now reaches almost 1,800 millions a year.

What woman in your neighborhood had any electrical household appliances beyond, perhaps, her curling iron, back in 1914?

Three and a half million dollars would have covered the value of the household electrical equipment produced in 1914. Today it's a $75,000,000-a-year business.

What electricity has wrought on laundry day is magic—as every woman knows. The eight million dollars' worth of electric home laundry apparatus in existence in 1914 has swollen, by yearly addition, to a total value approaching eighty millions. It's another of the many tenfold increases that appear in our recent economic growth. Our homes are absorbing about 1,000,000 new electrical washing machines a year.

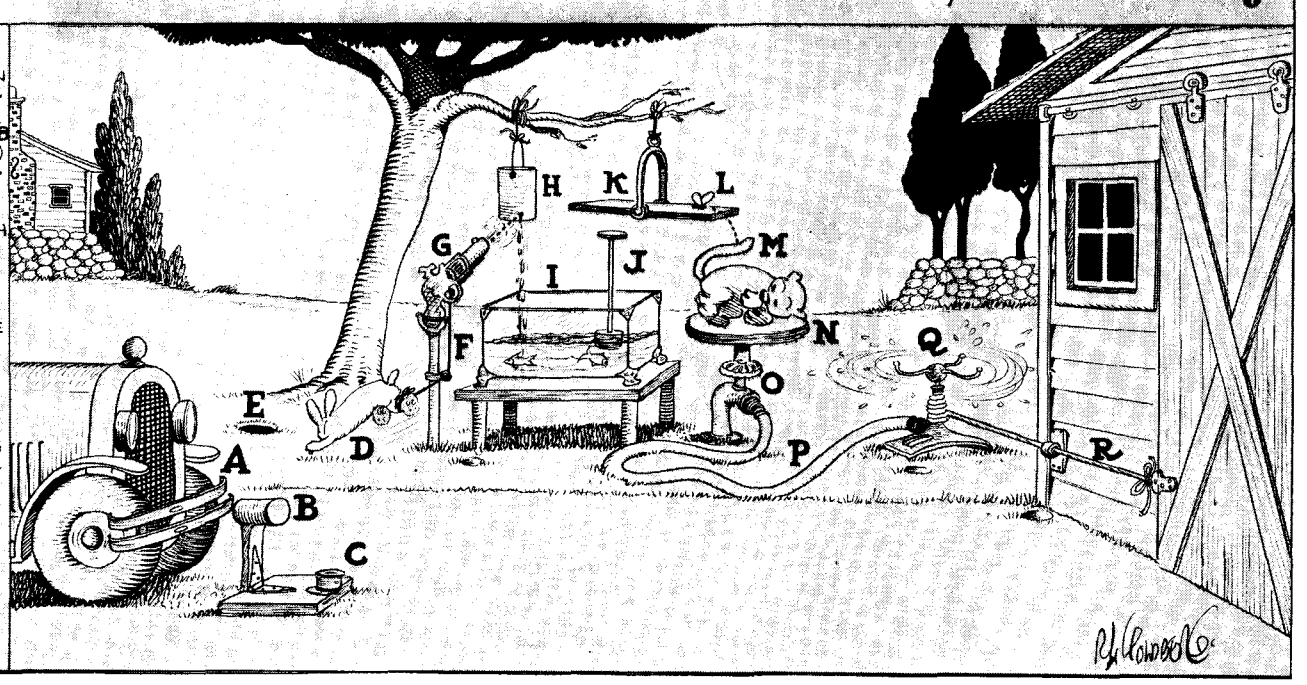
(*Continued on page 36*)

The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By Rube Goldberg

PROFESSOR BUTTS TAKES A DRINK OF STRANGE GIN AND EVOLVES AN INVENTION FOR OPENING THE GARAGE DOOR WITHOUT GETTING OUT OF THE CAR. DRIVE AUTO BUMPER (A) AGAINST MALLET (B) PUSHING IT DOWN AND EXPLODING CAP (C) FRIGHTENING RABBIT (D) WHO RUNS TOWARD HIS BURROW (E) PULLING STRING (F) WHICH DISCHARGES PISTOL (G). THE BULLET PENETRATES CAN (H) FROM WHICH THE WATER DRIPS INTO AQUARIUM (I). AS THE TIDE RISES IN THE AQUARIUM IT ELEVATES THE FLOATING CORK UPRIGHT (J) WHICH PUSHES UP END OF SEE-SAW (K) CAUSING FLEA (L) TO LOSE IT'S BALANCE AND FALL ON GEDUNK HOUND'S TAIL (M) WHO WAKES UP AND CHASES HIS TAIL ROUND AND ROUND CAUSING PLATFORM (N) TO SPIN AND TURN ON FAUCET (O). WATER RUNS THROUGH HOSE (P) STARTING REVOLVING LAWN SPRINKLER (Q) ON WHICH ROPE (R) WINDS ITSELF OPENING GARAGE DOOR.

OF COURSE, IF YOU WISH, YOU CAN DRIVE RIGHT THROUGH THE DOOR AND THEN THERE WON'T BE ANY OBSTRUCTION LEFT TO BOTHER YOU IN THE FUTURE.



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JOIN US IN THE GENERAL ELECTRIC HOUR,
BROADCAST EVERY SATURDAY AT 9 P.M.,
E.S.T., ON A NATION-WIDE N.B.C. CHAIN

Spoiled

IMPERFECT refrigeration wastes food. With the new General Electric refrigerator, you eliminate this waste and enjoy scores of new comforts and conveniences. Here, as on all household appliances, the G-E monogram is a reliable guide to electrical dependability.

GENERAL

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food costs money

Electric refrigeration saves *food and costs less than a dime a day to operate*

REFRIGERATION, light, heat, and power are the four forms in which electricity brings convenience and economy into the modern home. Here is a page of time- and labor-saving electric helps.

Pay for electric refrigeration by the food you save

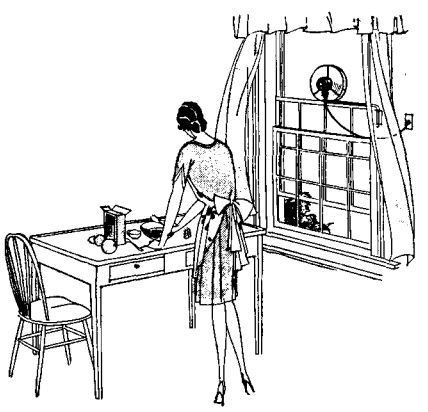
Figure the food you waste through uncertain refrigeration . . . a dab of this, a bowl of that, half-bottles of milk and cream. Food spoilage costs seven hundred million dollars yearly in this country alone. For less than a dime a day, a General Electric refrigerator keeps your food healthfully fresh and makes possible the serving of left-overs in unsuspected, delicious transformations.

Vacuum cleaners work best with empty bags

Don't wait until the bag of your vacuum cleaner is "heavy" before you empty it. It takes only a moment to empty it and you really save time in the end because the cleaner works much more efficiently on an empty bag, and lasts longer. Incidentally, you can fairly expect at least five years' service from a good vacuum cleaner—the new G-E cleaner is built to last twice that time.

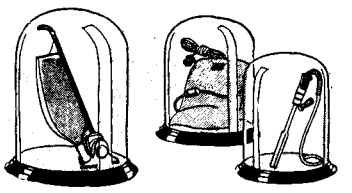
Stop making yourself old!

You are as old as your eyes! When the new inside-frosted MAZDA lamps are growing cheaper and more efficient every year (to-day they cost only about half as much as six years ago), what folly to strain your eyes by inadequate home lighting! Use good-sized lamps for ceiling and wall fixtures—the current consumption is negligible. Have plenty of light and keep your eyes young! Floor and table lamps are useful adjuncts to the lighting schemes for living room, dining room and bedrooms—new convenience outlets are easily and inexpensively installed.



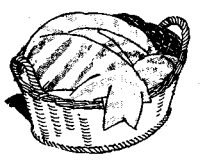
A breeze when you want it . . . where you want it

Why rely on the weather? Turn on your own breeze in any room that's stuffy! A G-E household utility fan placed opposite the window will make the kitchen comfortable in the hottest weather. After the table is set, start one in the dining room. And at night a bedside fan will give you eight hours of refreshing sleep for only 4 cents.



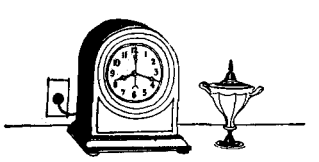
Are your electrical servants "marking time?"

The G-E cleaner, the Hotpoint electric immersion heater, electric toaster, and a dozen other electric appliances depend for their usefulness on numerous and well-placed convenience outlets. Why not get the full use of your electrical servants? New outlets can be installed at moderate expense and without ripping up floors or plaster.



No boiling, no soaking for this snow-white wash

In the newest washing machines you can wash everything from silks to pillows perfectly—and without the arduous boiling and soaking of the old-fashioned "blue Monday". Boiling is a waste of time and toil, also it sets stains instead of removing them. Soaking is equally unnecessary—put the clothes in dry and run the machine a little longer.



Electricity now tells you the time

Observatory time, accurate to the second, brought over the wires from the power station. No springs, no escapements, no need to wind it or oil it or regulate it. That's the Telechron, the marvelous new electric time keeper which many dealers are now showing in a variety of beautiful models.

Any woman who does anything electricity can do for her is working for a few cents a day.

ELECTRIC

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEN

WHO STAND OUT

WHEREVER people gather—certain men dominate. Successful men — sure of themselves—well-groomed. Every little detail of their appearance shows the perfection they demand.

Because Squibb's Shaving Cream gives them exactly the perfection they want, many prominent men have adopted it.

Try Squibb's Shaving Cream yourself. Right from the start, you'll find shaving quicker, cleaner, easier.

For Squibb's greatly lightens the task of the razor. Your beard is so well prepared that the harshness and tugging of shaving are all absorbed before the razor touches you.

Squibb's Shaving Cream is for sale at all drug stores. Its price is very reasonable, 40c for a generous tube.

Listen in every Friday evening from 7:15 to 7:30 Eastern Standard Time over Stations WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KWK, WREN, WTMJ, KOA, KSTP, WLW, WCFL, *for the Priceless Ingredient Message by eminent authorities on the preservation of health. Broadcasting facilities provided by E. R. Squibb & Sons.*

A SHAVING CREAM
BY SQUIBB

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Detroitism - what is it?

Continued from page 33

Of course home has changed since the war. It isn't the place our fathers and mothers knew, by a long shot. Life itself, in the home, is different, from breakfast to bedtime. Home life isn't the mentally musty and mentally unventilated experience it used to be. Fourteen million home telephones help to bring the outside world into the home.

I knew a young man back in 1914 who was what his friends called a "wireless telephone nut." There were enough of his kind, professional and amateur "nuts," in homes and electrical laboratories, to absorb in that year about $800,000 worth of electrical apparatus for their strange and goofy purposes. These "nuts" grew in number, however, and gradually suffered less jeering and kidding. What an army they must have seemed to themselves by the year 1922 when 60,000, in the 27,000,000 homes of the land, sat close to their radio receivers and listened to such sounds, music, speeches and otherwise, as they could catch!

What's the use of dwelling too long on the painful subject of how rapidly radio has grown? Stock market fortunes, some gathered by these same "nuts," tell the story.

Not long ago an army man told me: "The War Department has a plan by which it could, in case of enemy attack, commandeer the motor cars on the Pacific coast and move every man, woman and child one hundred miles inland within the space of eight hours."

This could be done. Twenty years ago there was a car for every 265 persons in the country. With a production of 3,000,000 new cars every year and an additional 1,000,000 motor trucks we come to a place in 1929 when, at any one moment, we can place the entire population of 120,000,000 Americans in our automobiles.

If your car cost somewhere around $1,000 you're in an army of 3¼ millions of fellow Americans who buy such a car every year. If you're in the $2,000 class, you have only a half million associates. Low-priced cars are becoming so good that the percentage of people who buy the high-priced cars is not keeping pace with motor-car growth. The peak of high-priced car-buying was back in 1920, with 100,000 purchases for the year. Such purchases have recently been ranging around 75,000 cars a year.

In automobiles we seem to be going democratic. Almost one fourth of our cars today are being bought by what the census experts call "laborers" and "artisans." "Salesmen and clerks" are buying another twenty per cent yearly. Thus almost half our cars are being paid for out of wages and salaries.

The Other Side of the Picture

In other words the "working peepul," as the politicians describe the openers of pay-envelopes, are today paying more than half the wages of some three million men in the automobile business. And why not? Each wage earner in the United States today, thanks to machinery, is producing 53.5 per cent more than in 1919. There has been a decrease in unit cost of what he produces of 24.5 per cent. Maybe the students of Detroitism will decide that he has earned his car.

Money going for motor cars isn't being taken out of home improvement, either. If you want fully to realize how the American home, under Detroitism, has changed in the past fifteen years consider this fact: ONLY ONE HOME IN FIVE, STANDING OUT LIKE A RICH MAN'S MANSION, WAS ELECTRICALLY WIRED IN 1913; TODAY, STANDING OUT LIKE A SORE THUMB, ONLY ONE HOME IN EIGHT IS *NOT* WIRED.

ONLY ONE HOME IN THREE COULD BOAST A BATHTUB IN 1913; NOW ONLY ONE HOME IN SEVEN IS WITHOUT SUCH A NECESSITY.

This era of Detroitism, with its changes which have come so quickly that we've hardly recognized them, hasn't been easy sailing for everybody, however. The swift current of progress has thrown aside its driftwood. "It has imposed severe suffering upon hundreds of thousands of individuals," says Wesley C. Mitchell, one of the experts reporting on the investigation.

When we make a shift in diet from less cereal to more meat, some farmers must suffer. There have been tragedies in the farm world. It takes only 29 per cent of us to feed the rest of us. In other lands it's more; 43 per cent in Germany, for instance. A man on the farm here produces two and one-half times as much as a German farmer.

Many are wearing far fewer clothes than they used to. This means that many individuals have been thrown out of work in the wool industries.

"I've lost my job in the cotton mill," is the lament of thousands of our fellow citizens, who must necessarily doubt all claims of prosperity.

Farmers of various sorts are casualties of our progress. In seven years nearly a million persons deserted farm life. Sons and daughters go off to the city from farm homes not solely because of the lure of the town but also because the old farm has become too small a shingle, in these days of higher living standards, for one family to float upon. Farm life has become a tangle, or rather a confused whirlpool. As individuals desert farming, the demand for improved farm machinery grows, so that today the size of the farm crop is constantly growing, with less workers in the fields. Tractors on farms have multiplied almost by ten in ten years. There are 6,000,000 fewer horses and mules to eat farm products. This change alone has thrown about 18,000,000 acres out of work. The number of motor cars in America has already passed the number of horses and mules —20,100,000.

Prosperity hasn't reached every spot, either. A depression in agriculture has struck the South, the Middle West and the Mountain States, and manufacturing in New England has fallen off because of the movement of industry to other corners of the land.

One fact that cannot be escaped—and it turns up unexpectedly on almost every page in this gigantic inventory of America—is that the farmer has been out of step with the country's growth in prosperity. He has been almost as much of a non-participant and a mere onlooker as if he had been a farmer in some other land.

To have two parts of our land—one urban, the other rural—sharing unequally in one of the most sensational advances in prosperity that this world has ever known, is to breed a discontent that may some day throw us into a civil economic war—with the farmer winning by laying down his tools, and sending up food costs so high that the steady balance of our prosperity will be unseated and most of our gains will be lost.

One Answer at a Time, Please

What has produced these tremendous changes during the past decade, that have brought misfortune to some and such tremendous benefits to the vast majority of us?

What makes up the Detroitism to which Europeans ascribe our prosperity? I have said they are quarreling over this question. Well, aren't we also arguing and disagreeing among ourselves on this very point? Some credit prosperity to prohibition; others to the fairly general peace between capital and labor; others to installment buying. Some say our post-war mass production explains it all. "Our employers have discovered that their employees are consumers and have therefore sought to keep wages at a high level," is an explanation of another supposed attribute of Detroitism.

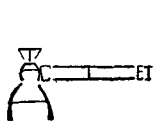
Make an answer to suit yourself, as the experts are doing—and go on enjoying the benefits and trying to correct the errors that this new "ism" in the world has produced among us.

Nameographs

Self-expression is the order of the day. It's only fair that words should have a chance at it, too. Give some worthy word a helping hand! Let it show what it means.

We pay $5 each for acceptable Nameographs. Send yours to Nameograph Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

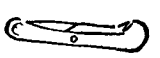
"Onion," by Mrs. L. O. Frobish, 1218 Fifth Ave., Akron, Ohio



"Hatchet," by L. V. Pace, Cave City, Ky.

"Parrot," by Mrs. Urie D. Lutz, 143 N. Hanover St., Carlisle, Pa

"Skull," by Mrs. Emma Wright, 2345 N. 15th St., Philadelphia, Pa.



"Canoe," by Donn K. Albertson, Eagles Mere Farms, Muncy Valley, Pa.

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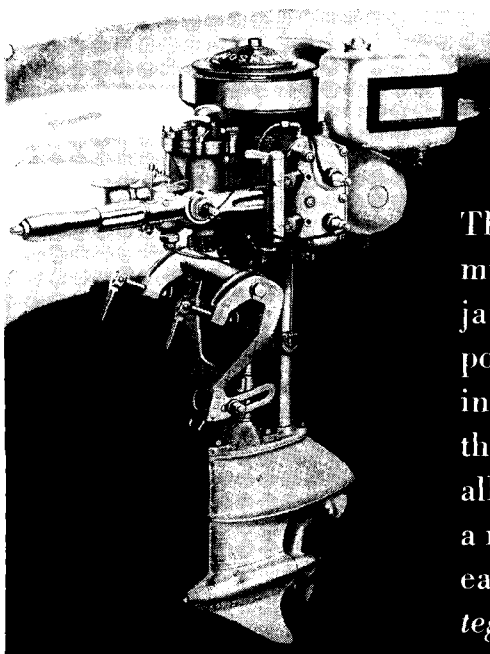
The Revolutionize Outboard Motoring



Prices on the six SEA-HORSE models range from
$115 to $325
F. O. B. Waukegan. Sold on free trial and easy payment plan.

The thrill of thirty-forty miles an hour in a small and jaunty craft . . . the surge of power that makes itself evident in *speed* instead of *noise* . . . the bracing air that's free from all exhaust gases . . . the joy of a responsive motor that starts easily and always . . . the *integrity* of a motor upon which you can depend for immediate action, anytime, season after season . . . the luxury of power boating at small craft expense.

That's SEA-HORSE motoring. *There's nothing like it!*

With the *Johnson Underwater Exhaust*, exhaust noise and gases are eliminated. With the *Johnson Release Charger*, starting is made at once simple and positive. Women and children can start even the bigger SEA-HORSES with ease. With the *Johnson Rotary Valve* and complementary developments, power is increased 50% per cubic inch displacement! All these are new to outboard motoring.

Certainty and Ease of Automobile Starting

No Exhaust Noise No Exhaust Fumes

Johnson
Outboard Motors

Write for catalog

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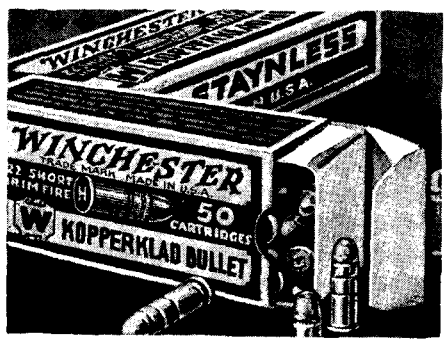
CLEAN BARRELS AND CLEAN BULLETS



WINCHESTER Staynless Cartridges keep your rifle barrel clean. And Winchester KOPPERKLAD Staynless Cartridges keep your *pocket* clean, too. As beautiful in their shooting and handling as in their gleaming appearance.

WINCHESTER TRADE MARK
KOPPERKLAD

—the latest word in .22 Rim Fire Non-Corrosive Cartridges. Made in .22 Short, .22 Long and .22 Long Rifle.

When Winchester introduced non-corrosive cartridges which cannot rust, pit or foul your rifle barrel, we proved that we could take the trouble *out* of small bore shooting while keeping all the satisfaction *in*. They save you the trouble of continually cleaning your rifle barrel with no sacrifice whatever of old-time Winchester accuracy and reliability.

And now, to this non-corrosive feature, Winchester adds a grease-free cartridge—its bullet clad with gleaming copper which is clean to handle, clean in your pocket and as clean *shooting* as any ammunition Winchester ever produced.

That gives you everything anyone could ask for in a .22 Caliber Rim Fire Cartridge—the Winchester non-corrosive priming mixture, Winchester self-lubricating copper-clad bullets *and* Winchester ballistic perfection—a combination which assures clean barrels and clean bullets with Winchester dependability and accuracy in every shot.

Shoot Winchester Ammunition in Winchester Guns—they are made for each other. And write for our FREE booklet—"The Game—The Gun—The Ammunition"—which shows you how to get the best results in shooting of all kinds.

Dept. C
WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.
NEW HAVEN, CONN., U.S.A.

"Old Times Dar Are Not Forgotten"

Continued from page 9

is no requirement that their actions parallel their beliefs.

The boll weevil and national prohibition hit South Carolina at about the same time. The two seemed unrelated, but actually they dovetailed very nicely. The weevil broke the hearts of thousands of farmers, and their bank accounts, such as they were. Some of these farmers learned how to grow cotton despite the infamous bug; others began to depend more on side-line crops; still others began to make a little liquor.

It is very hard in what is still called the "low country" to grow cotton profitably now that the weevils have taken up their abode there, for the climate suits them as well as it does cotton. Corn can be raised, but not yet in competition with that from the corn belt. There is no real market for South Carolina corn as a foodstuff, but there is a grand market for it as a beverage. That's why you frequently hear men in South Carolina speak of a corn field as good for so many gallons to the acre. A cornstalk is sometimes called a "whisky bush."

One of the Six Largest

"Distilling and bootlegging," said a professor of the University of South Carolina, who is a close and accurate student, "has just about saved some sections of this state from financial ruin!"

A federal enforcement officer recently estimated that in and around Greenville, which is a cotton-spinning center and one of the highly prosperous cities in the state, there are fifteen hundred persons engaged in the liquor business. Another, and unofficial, estimate places the total number of persons in South Carolina engaged all or part of their time in the liquor business at between 25,000 and 35,000. If this estimate is correct—it was made by one of the ablest and best-informed editors in the state—the liquor industry is one of the first six industries in the state, from the standpoint of the number of persons engaged.

The usual price for corn liquor is from $2.50 to $7.50 the gallon. "Scotch" and "Rye" and "Irish" whiskies usually sell for $60 the case. Raids by officers do not seem to affect the price at all.

All dealings in the state are on a personal or semi-personal basis. A sheriff will be known personally to practically every man in his county—and this is a distinct advantage in law enforcement, for no officer likes to get a personal acquaintance into trouble. It sometimes happens that a man will run for office in order to keep his acquaintances out of trouble! But not often.

In the cities, bootleggers are not regarded as criminals. Walk down the street with a friend and watch him speak elaborately and with a broad smile to someone; then ask him who his friend is. He may tell you with some show of pride that the man he spoke to was "one of the biggest bootleggers in town, and a really nice fellow, too." The bootlegger is actually getting himself endowed with some touch of romance, and people are beginning to tell sob-sister stories about him.

Prohibition, state or federal, has never had anything approaching universal official respect in South Carolina. Among the judges, executives, officers and legislators there have been many men who did not mind taking a "shot of corn" now and then.

During sessions of the General Assembly it used to be the custom to hide bottles of liquor behind certain large books in the capitol library. You'd hear one man say to another, "If you want to read something interesting, go and look in the Indiana statutes." The other man would understand—there was a quart hidden behind the Indiana volume of laws. The men who placed these bottles had neat senses of humor; they selected the statutes of the supposedly driest states as shields for the booze.

At one session of the General Assembly I saw a senator, dead drunk and unable to speak, though able to stand by holding to a post, stop the machinery of law-making for more than an hour, because the senate rules of courtesy did not permit that he be deprived of the floor, and he had risen, the chair ruled, to make a speech. He swayed, mumbled and shouted now and then, but said no words.

A story that has been told all over the state concerns a judge whose reputation for righteousness exceeded his reputation as a learned man in the law. But he held a high judicial position. One day a bootlegger was being tried before him—many another had been tried before him, which accounts for the fact that His Honor became bored and began to read a newspaper. The attorney for the defendant was questioning the officer who had made the arrest, and who had produced in the court a gallon of liquor as evidence.

"In your affidavit supporting the warrant for the arrest of this defendant," said the attorney, "you swore that you caught him with *two* gallons of what you say is liquor, but you bring only one gallon into court as evidence. Where is the other gallon?"

The witness shifted in his seat, but made no answer.

"Where is that other gallon?" yelled the attorney.

Still, the witness did not answer.

"Your Honor," the attorney said in appealing to the court, "the witness refuses to answer a proper question, and I ask that the court instruct him to answer."

The judge laid aside his paper, looked over his specs at the witness, and said sternly, "The witness must answer!"

"Your Honor," said the witness softly, "he's asking what became of that other gallon of whisky, and you are the only man who can answer that."

The attorney for the defendant heard, understood and sympathized.

"I withdraw the question, Your Honor," he said gallantly. "It is not of material importance."

It is a fact that the number of visible drunks has been cut down since prohibition. One rarely sees a staggering man on the streets. John Barleycorn is now associating with the "better" people, who are not so likely to get dead drunk in public as was the old-time toper.

It's Still in Public Favor!

And it is also true that "hot suppers," "peavine dances" and similar forms of entertainment among Negroes are not so fatal as they once were. The Negro has profited most from prohibition. There are several reasons for this: first, liquor is pretty high, even yet, and the Negroes mainly are poor; second, officers are not likely to be lenient toward Negro law-breakers, and neither are juries; third, the most intelligent Negroes are raising their standards of living, of racial pride and moral responsibility very rapidly.

All this is a sort of high-light picture of prohibition as it is and is not practiced in South Carolina today. It has brought about six fairly obvious changes, only two of which were expected by its advocates.

1. It has made drinking respectable in many if not most of the "best" homes in the cities and towns.

2. It has brought prosperity and some degree of education to scores of poverty-stricken families who, without the profitable business of distilling, rum-running and bartering would still be too poor to maintain the present high standard of living.

3. It has off-set, in some localities, part of the financial loss caused by the boll weevil.

4. It has disgusted many of its friends.

5. It has decreased the number of visible drunks.

6. It has cut down drinking among Negroes.

The last two results were expected and hoped for by the prohibitionists. One of the most powerful arguments in favor of dry laws in the South was that "liquor must be kept away from the Negroes." That line has been changed now so that it reads, "If we didn't have prohibition I'd be afraid to drive my automobile onto the road."

If national prohibition were put to vote in South Carolina today, it would be sustained, though the majority would probably not be so large as it would have been six years ago. South Carolina, I believe, has a higher percentage of church members than any other state in the union, and among her church leaders are many who regard prohibition as an integral part of Christianity.

Prohibition—Such as It Is

There are still others who are convinced that, despite all the stench of the loose enforcement, the state is better off than it would be if there were no national prohibition. But the election would be carried not by those two classes alone. Those who vote dry in order to deprive some other fellow of the right to drink with them hold the balance of power.

"I have known this state intimately for sixty years," said one of its finest citizens to me. "I knew it in the days of the old saloon, I knew it in the days of the state dispensary system, and now I know it in the days of prohibition. Personally, I have never cared for liquor—never needed it at all—but if someone should ask me to describe these three stages in the local history of the liquor traffic, I'd have to say that the old saloon was rotten, the state dispensary rottener and prohibition rottenest!"

A country doctor who for nearly fifty years has served a sparsely settled part of the state, ranging in his antique car for about twenty miles in all directions from his home, told me much the same thing.

"I do not know just what liquor laws I want," he said, "but I do know that I don't want what we've got. The time was, and that was true until eight years ago, when tough guys stayed in the cities—the rural sections were safe. But now the remoter the section, the better it is for liquor making. This eighteenth amendment and Volstead business has brought disquiet, fear and lawlessness to our peaceful rural roads. No, sir! I don't want what we've got!"

None the less, prohibition is fairly solidly entrenched in South Carolina—that is, prohibition such as it is.

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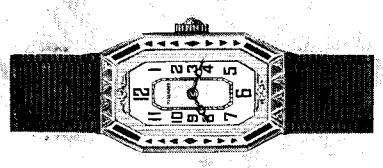
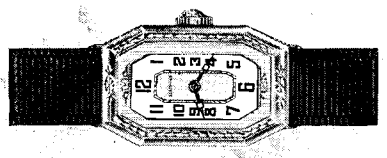
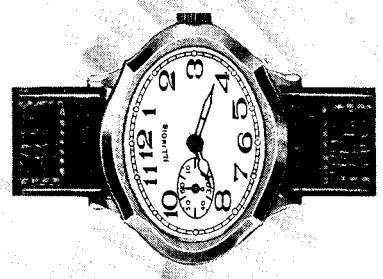
One unalterable purpose Expressed in Beauty



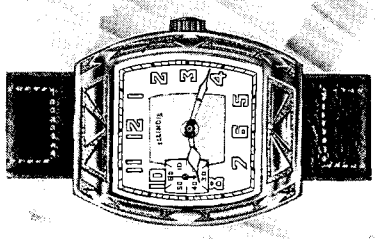
THE ILLINOIS CORONADO, *17 jewels, 14k solid gold, inlaid enamel, $65.*



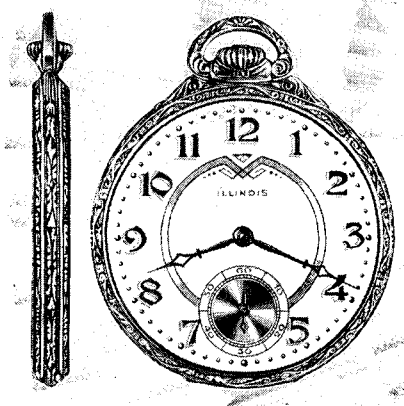
THE ILLINOIS NARRAGANSETT, *17 jewels, 14k solid gold, diamond engraving, $65.*



THE ILLINOIS PICCADILLY, *17 jewels, 14k gold-filled, $45.*



THE ILLINOIS CHIEFTAIN, *15 jewels, 14k gold-filled, $40.*



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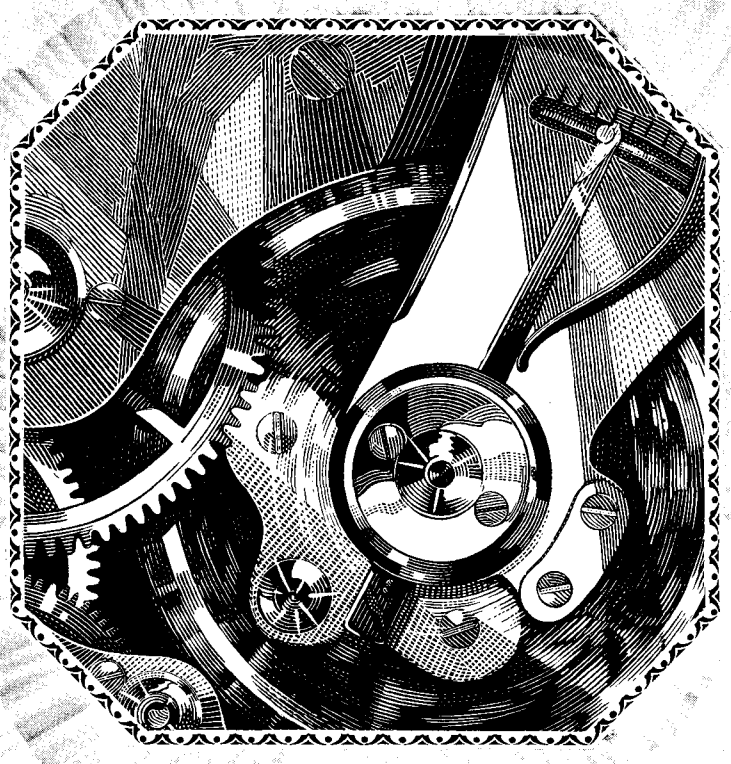
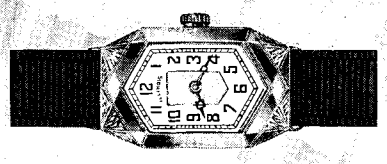
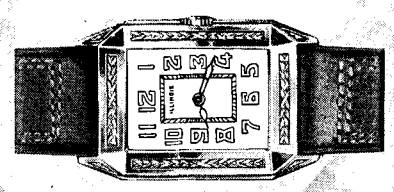


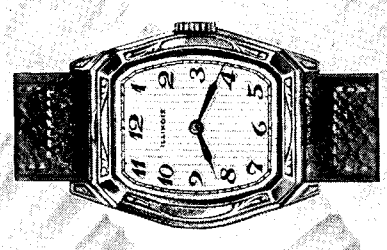
The pulsing heart of an Illinois Watch that reveals the beauty of accuracy



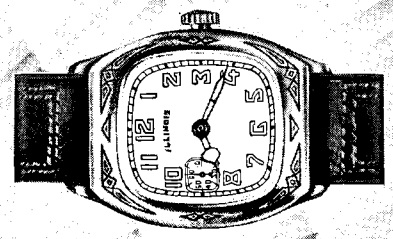
THE ILLINOIS DAYTONA, *17 jewels, 14k solid gold, $65.*



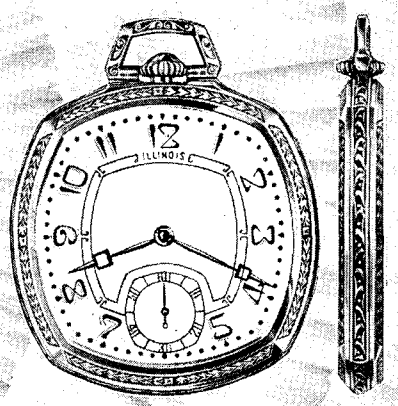
THE ILLINOIS TUXEDO, *17 jewels, 14k solid gold, $75.*



THE ILLINOIS CONSUL, *21 jewels, 14k solid gold, $100.*



THE ILLINOIS BEAU BRUMMEL, *17 jewels, 14k gold-filled, $50.*



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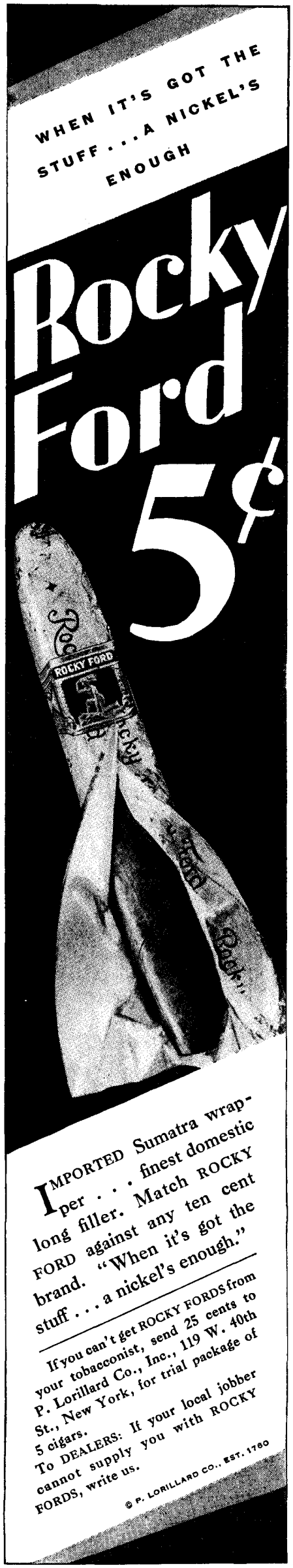
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Don't Keep Men Waiting

Continued from page 11

or not. "Yes, I would!" he said. "Or running machinery. Or digging ditches. Or being a cowboy. That's a man's work—not peddling perfumes."

She patted his hand ever so lightly. "You're rather a darling, aren't you?" she said. "You're rather nice when you're you."

"And you never knew what I was like before, did you?" he demanded fiercely.

"Oh, yes, I always knew," she said.

"You're the sort of a girl that would make a man drive machinery or—or shoot lions," he said. "You're genuine always. You're always you."

And in an instant he knew why he loved her. He loved her because he was so sick of pretense, of being refined, of his London clothes and his few French phrases. He loved her because she was genuine. "You're a hundred per cent," he muttered. "You're genuine—a hundred per cent lady. Tell me something about yourself."

She shook her head and laughed. "There's nothing to tell."

There was a pause. Then: "I think you're wonderful," he said, "and you think I'm a fool."

"No, I don't. I really don't. I think you're a darling but—but I also think Flora's a darling."

"She wouldn't marry me when I wanted her to."

"She'll marry you now. She's crazy about you."

"Yes, but for years she wouldn't have me and she wouldn't let go of me. Is that fair?"

The dinner was over. Miss Wright pulled on her gloves.

Outside the restaurant, she made a quick dive into a cab and shouting, "Good night! Thanks!" over her shoulder, drove off.

Two days after that little dinner party Flora returned, unexpected and unannounced.

When she saw Billy Pyne she treated him with hauteur, with what was once known as icy contempt.

"Well, Flora!" said Mr. Pyne, at their first encounter.

"Don't speak to me!" she commanded.

"But aren't you back before you expected to be?"

"Yes, I am, and why? But I'll tell you about it later. First of all, I want to have a quiet little talk with your girl friend."

"Now, Flora, don't do anything foolish—"

"No, I won't do anything foolish. Maybe I'll sprinkle her with vitriol but I won't do anything foolish."

To Miss Wright, Miss Dale said, "I'd like to have a talk with you late this afternoon—after the others are gone."

"Oh, all right," said Miss Wright.

AT a quarter to six Flora entered Miss Wright's small office and closed its door with decision.

Inside Miss Wright's office, Flora stood rigid.

"What's the trouble?" Miss Wright asked pleasantly.

"You know very well what the trouble is. We've got to have this out once and for all. I won't have you snitching Billy off me."

"Oh!" said Miss Wright, in a noncommittal way.

"You needn't deny it," said Miss Dale, lashing herself into a fury. "Why did you have dinner with him? You didn't know I knew that, did you? I have ways of finding out things."

"Yes, I'm sure you have. But there's only one reason I had dinner with him. He asked me to have dinner with him. And I had no intention of making a secret of it."

"I tell you I'm not going to let you snitch him away from me."

There was no mockery in Mary Wright's eyes now. They were cool and yet they were angry. They fixed themselves steadily upon Flora's eyes. "Sit down and let's talk this over sensibly," she ordered. "Otherwise, I'll throw you out of my office."

"You will, will you!" cried Flora.

"Yes, I most decidedlv will," said Mary Wright. "It's not for nothing I've spent years and years at hockey and basketball. As for you, you're soft—soft and beautiful."

And abruptly Flora sat down. Abruptly, Flora went to pieces. All of a sudden the shell of her anger broke and left her limp, huddled, sobbing miserably. "Oh, it isn't fair!" she sobbed. "It isn't! You're strong. You're younger. You have every advantage. And you're taking him away from me. He's everything in the world to me—and now you're taking him away from me."

MARY rose and put her arms around Flora. "Don't be so silly, darling," she said. "If you'd listen to me for a minute you'd know I'm not trying to take him away from you. I don't want him. You should have married him years ago."

"Don't I know it? I can see now what a fool I was!"

"But, Flora, honestly I'm not trying to get him."

"What good does that do now? He doesn't want me now. You've got him whether you want him or not. You can't send him back to me. You can't treat a man like he was something you bought at a department store."

"That's true," said Mary Wright, and for a moment she became very thoughtful. She became absorbed in her own secret thoughts. Finally she said, "Flora, do you trust me now? Do you believe me?"

"I suppose I have to," Flora admitted lugubriously.

"Well, I have an idea. I want you and your Billy to have dinner with me tomorrow night."

"Where?"

"At my home in West Eleventh Street. I'll scribble down the address. Here it is! Will you ask Mr. Pyne? Do you suppose he'll come?"

"Will a fly go to a pot of honey?" Flora countered. "Oh, he'll come all right, darn him."

She stood up, still dabbing at her eyes and then, a little shamefaced, she kissed Mary Wright. "You're a dear," she said contritely. "I never had any idea you were such a lady."

SHORTLY after seven the next night Flora and Mr. Pyne drove up to the address in West Eleventh Street that Mary Wright had given Flora. Flora was pale and aloof, Mr. Pyne moody and guttural of utterance.

"We're to go to Miss Wright's for dinner, are we?" he had asked morosely. "What kind of a game is this?"

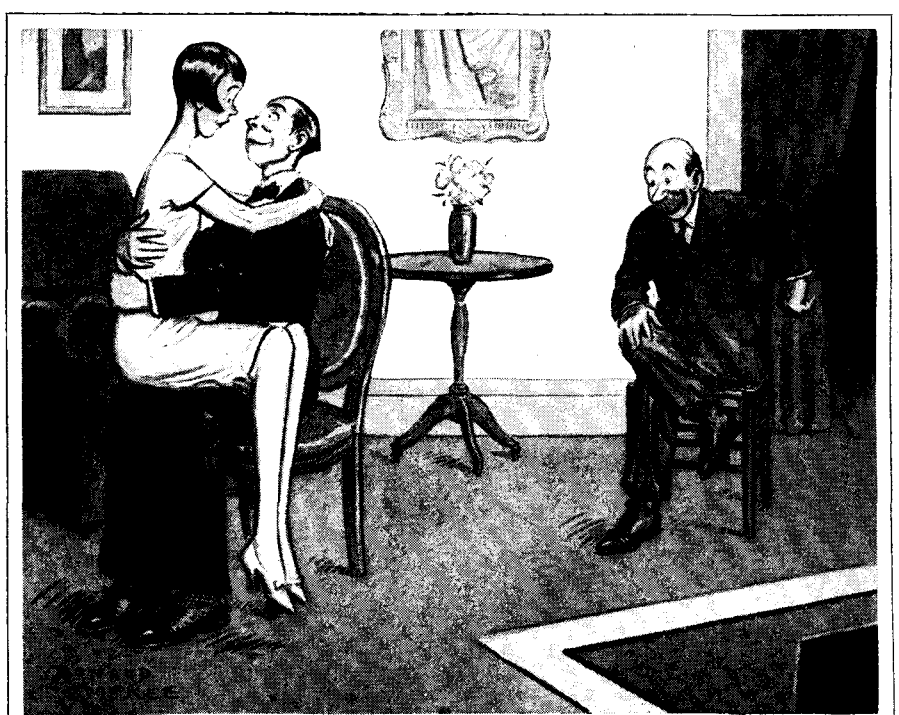
He was deeply suspicious of these two women who had played such important parts in his life. He was thinking that you never knew what might happen when two women got together like that. Anything might happen, he thought. And he was helpless. Helpless, too, to stay away from this darkly mysterious dinner party. He was playing the rôle of the fly all right, the rôle Flora had assigned him. But he was a distrustful fly and a sulky one.

The taxicab dropped them before a small brick house, one of three set between towering apartment houses. These three were remnants of former, quieter New York days when all this Washington Square section was given over to the private residences of a sedate aristocracy.

"It must be one of those old houses that are made over into small apartments," Flora thought and she looked for Miss Wright's name over the familiar letter box and bell. But there was only one bell and there was no name. After a moment's hesitancy Flora rang the bell while Mr. Pyne, still moody, stood there swinging his stick and looking mournful.

Presently a butler in evening clothes opened the door. "There must be some mistake," thought Flora, but she man-

(*Continued on page 43*)



Father (who has been told to look in and say a word to Daughter's company): "By the way, Mr. Dollop, do you think the Athletics have a chance this year?"

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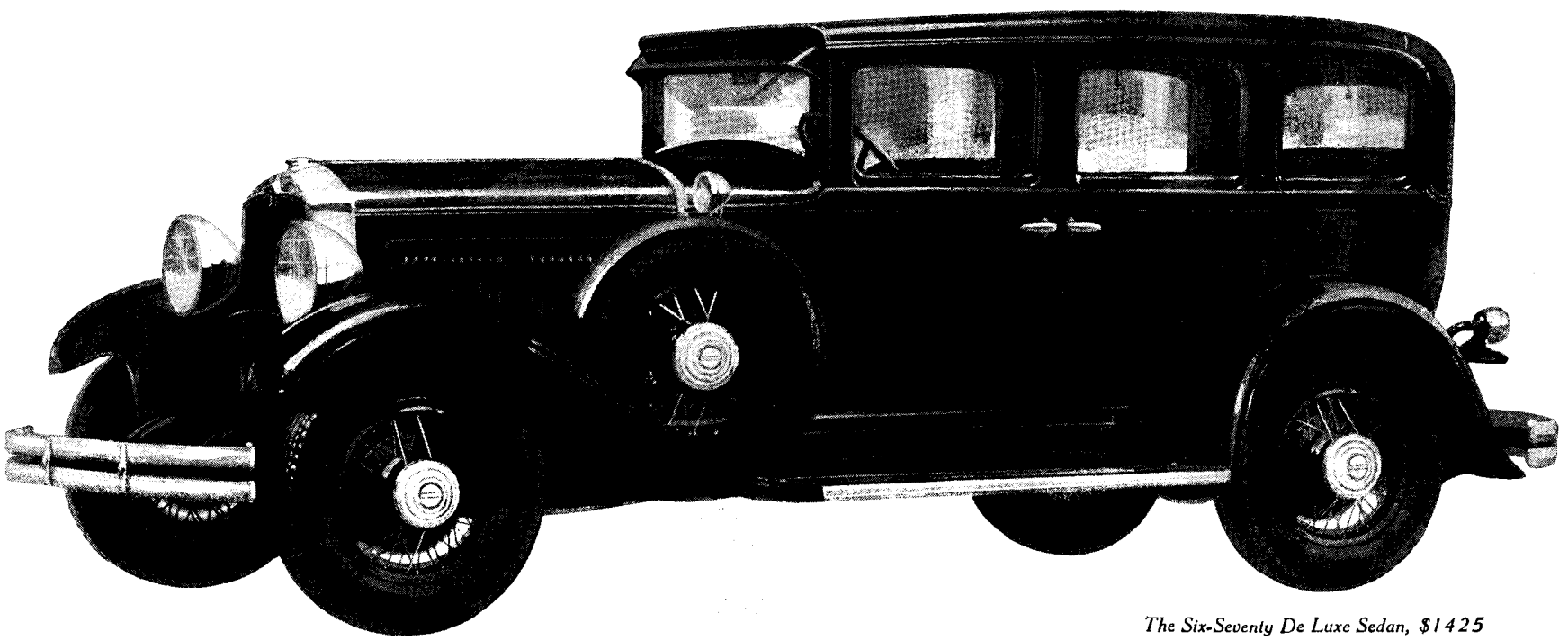

The Six-Seventy De Luxe Sedan, $1425

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A GOOD CAR

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Farm Trade Tips

Volume I — *Business Building Ideas for Rural Retailers* — Number 3

TEN TESTED SALES TIPS YOU CAN USE IN YOUR STORE

Better Display

The Star Hardware Co. of Rockville, Conn., has made a record selling farm implements. Here's how they did it: First—they took their implement department out of its back-alley shed and installed it in a new separate store next door to the hardware store. In short, they give implements the same up-to-date display facilities that they give to other profitable hardware lines, and they show all implements completely assembled and ready for operation. Second—they set up a repair department that carries on hand a complete stock of parts for quick service to farm customers when break-downs occur. This stock represents an investment of three to twelve thousand dollars—and although its chief purpose is to render good-will service, it nets a substantial profit. Third—they keep from one to three sales and service men calling on farmers right through the year.

Cater to *Her!*

Albert DePrez, hardware merchant of Shelbyville, Ind., says the successful hardware store of today is more and more a *woman's* store. He keeps a close check on sales and says that 80 per cent of the purchases in his store are made either directly by women customers, or are strongly influenced by them. He introduces feminine atmosphere throughout his store. Rugs in the radio department. Assembled bathroom sets in the plumbing department. Well-appointed lighting fixture and appliance departments fitted with tables and comfortable chairs. And now he has added a "gift shop"—and it's paying!

$10.00

***for Your* IDEA**

WE PAY $10 apiece for acceptable farm trade "tips." Send in YOUR idea. This is not a contest. Send in as many "tips" as you wish—we may use them all. You don't have to be a store owner. Anyone connected with a retail store can submit ideas. The only requirement is that the idea must have brought in more farm trade or sold more goods.

"Farm Trade Tips" now appears regularly in *Collier's* and *The American Magazine* as part of FARM & FIRESIDE'S service to rural retailers.

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This window looks smashed—but it isn't. Read how it increased sales for a grocer.

Brick "Smashes" Sales Records

"LOOK! Someone's smashed the grocery window," people exclaimed as they passed this grocer's store. But it was the price on eggs—not the window—that was smashed, and the trick sold 1925 dozen eggs and increased sales on other grocery lines $32 a day during the week. Here's how it was worked.

On the inside of the glass the grocer glued several fragments of broken plate glass, using transparent glue. Then he traced "cracks" across the window with soap. The result looked like a gaping, jagged hole. And to make it more realistic a large, healthy brick reposed right in the middle of the egg display—looking as if it had just recently made a crash entry via the plate glass window.

Stop "Walk-Outs"

Here's how one progressive shoe dealer found the way to turn "walk-outs" into sales. Checking the number of customers each salesman handled—against the number of sales each made—he arrived at a "sales percentage" for each man. It seems that his salesmen had the habit of turning away hard-to-fit, hard-to-please customers without spending much time on them. They were always trying to grab off easier sales to raise their sales totals. But by this checking plan—and showing the "sales percentages" on a bulletin board where all his salesmen could see it—he stopped the flow of "walkouts." In a week his salesmen cut their failures by more than 50 per cent. —*Chain Store Age.*

Use National Ads

A mid-western department store manager has a profitable scheme for sharing *directly* in thousands of dollars worth of national advertising. His store has a magazine department, and whenever a new magazine comes in he goes through it page by page and checks each advertisement that features goods he sells. Then he has a clerk take each copy on the magazine stand and rubber-stamp the checked advertisements neatly with this message—"*You can see this merchandise on special display at M——'s.*"

Keep Them Outside

A highly successful used car dealer in California finds from experience that outside lots are better than buildings for selling used cars. When cars are grouped outside they attract more attention, he says. And people come on the lot to inspect them where they wouldn't feel like walking into a building to make inquiries from a salesman. —*Automotive Merchandising.*

Mailing Lists

Fred P. Mann, successful merchant of Devil's Lake, N. D., says that the best mailing list you can get for quick action can be obtained at nominal cost from your county auditor. You can get a list of all taxpayers — and as this list is made up by townships, you can select the exact territory you want to cover. Also, you can have the township supervisor, or any other reliable man, check up the township list and give you an idea of the purchasing power of each farm family.

One Wash-Stick for 3 New Prospects

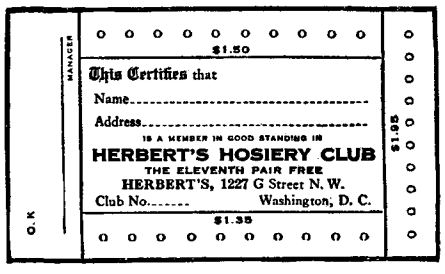
Fred Oesler, Mendota, Ill., dealer, says that customer good will and word of mouth advertising is a specially valuable aid in selling washing machines to farmers. He says that one washer, well sold, sells another—and that fifty per cent of his gasoline power washer sales the past three years have come from this source. He goes out to the farm home on each installation and stays clear through the first washing to see that the buyer thoroughly understands the machine. To encourage buyers to supply him new R.F.D. leads he presents an aluminum wash stick to each one who gives him the names of three prospects. —*Electrical Merchandising.*

Take It To Them

An Illinois druggist piles up profits using "huckster" methods in selling stock and poultry remedies to farmers living in his 10-mile trading radius. Many days his "wagon" does a bigger total business volume than his store—although it represents only a $750 investment as against the store's $10,000.

Sell More Hose

A Washington, D. C., dealer has this simple plan to sell more hosiery—he asks every woman who comes in to buy shoes or stockings if she would like to save money by joining the Hosiery Club. Then the plan is explained. On joining the Club, the customer's name and address is entered in a separate book and she is presented with this card:



The card is punched in the store as each purchase of hose is made and paid for, and the sale is entered in the Club book. After ten pairs have been bought, an eleventh pair is presented free. As the store carries three grades, $1.35, $1.50 and $1.95, customers often vary their purchases by buying in all three grades. And the value of the free pair is then determined by averaging the purchases. The free pair represents practically a 10 per cent discount. It sells more hosiery, this dealer finds—and builds up shoe sales, too.

—*Dry Goods Economist.*

The National Farm Magazine
Read in more than 1,300,000 Farm Homes
Farm & Fireside

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Don't Keep Men Waiting

Continued from page 40

aged to say, "We're looking for a Miss Wright—Miss Mary Wright."

"Yes, modom. Step in, modom," said the butler. He took their hats and coats and ushered them into a tiny drawing-room where the flames of a wood fire were caught and reflected in old mahogany and crystal, its light further aided by candles glowing serenely here and there.

"Miss Wright will be down immediately, modom," said the butler.

MR. PYNE and Miss Dale sat down and gazed at each other, stupefied. In Mr. Pyne's eyes was an expression that might have been considered ever so slightly, ever so subtly, triumphant. To Miss Dale certainly their message was clear. To Miss Dale, Mr. Pyne's eyes were saying, "I told you so!"

Then Mary Wright burst in upon them, outlandish as usual, and especially in this atmosphere, in her rackety skirt and blouse. Not that she cared!

"Hello, darlings!" she cried buoyantly. "How do you like the old family mansion? Quaint, isn't it?"

"Is it—is it yours?" Flora asked.

"Yes, it's mine, and it was my father's and my grandfather's."

"But you never told us!"

"Don't be so absurd, Flora! Why should I tell you? Besides, there's darned little left except the family mansion. I took a job because I had to."

"Do you live here alone?" Flora realized she wasn't being altogether refined in asking so many questions but they surged up in her irresistibly.

"My Aunt Matilda lives with me but she's dining upstairs. I thought it would be more fun if there was just the four of us."

"The four of us!" exclaimed Flora.

"Yes, Mr. Callaway's the fourth—he's the man I'm going to marry next month."

"Oh!" said Flora.

But there was something louder than her "Oh!" Mr. Pyne had been selecting a cigarette from a crystal cigarette box and he had dropped the box. It fell and smashed into bits. Now he was on his hands and knees picking them up.

"Oh, it doesn't matter," said Miss Wright.

And Mr. Pyne rose, his face looking almost as broken as the crystal box. Both Miss Wright and Miss Dale had the decency not to look at him just then.

Instead Flora gazed intently at Miss Wright. "This is news," she said. "When did you decide to get married?"

Mary gazed as intently at Flora. "Last night," she answered. "Bob's been wanting to marry me for ages and last night I decided it isn't fair to keep a man waiting too long if you really want him."

The bell rang.

"There's Bob now," said Mary.

LATER, long after dinner, Flora and Mr. Pyne left the house in West Eleventh Street in another taxicab.

"I always thought she was such a lady she didn't have to act like one," Flora said meditatively.

Mr. Pyne said nothing.

Then, in a moment, Flora was upon him. She put her arms around him. "Darling, did it hurt so much?" she murmured. "I'm so sorry, so terribly sorry!"

"Well, it sort of hurt," said Mr. Pyne.

"You'll always have me, dearest" said Flora. "It isn't much, I know, but you'll always have your silly old Flora who's crazy about you."

Suddenly, as if he were a small boy, Mr. Pyne turned and clung to her.

Something above the Neck

Continued from page 12

remembered that the bobbed hair which will be with us for many years to come exposes the shape of the head. It is highly important therefore that the hair be properly cut and waved.

Hand in hand with bobbing comes waving. That is an art in itself. Take the Queen of Egypt, for instance, who has great quantities of beautiful chestnut hair. She wears it bobbed but very slightly waved. A deeper wave would add to its appearance of thickness and that would not be beautiful. It would make her face too broad.

Becoming waving is governed by one thing: the profile. Women should always bear that in mind. The full face is important but it is the profile that gives the shape of the head, that gives the contour of elegance, of charm, of individuality. And when the profile is naturally unkind, the scissors and wave can make it kind.

If the top of the head is flat, a wave properly done can raise it to a curve that is beautiful. If the back of the head recedes too quickly, the wave can cover that defect and again, by a careful curve, create a line that is enchanting.

No matter how the hair is waved it should never give the appearance of artificiality. The waves should look as though you were born with them. The coiffure should soften the face, bring charm and peace to it. Especially is this necessary in the evening. There should be no signs of pins, even though pins be necessary. If the eyes are tired, the coiffure should shadow them.

A woman should also have in mind the lights under which she is going to be seen. The lights in a theater, for instance, are cruel. There no hair should be drawn back unless the face is young and fresh, unless the woman is entirely rested. Where the lights are gentler, a woman can take more liberties in exposing her forehead and face.

Beauty that is Individual

Art is created by keeping the essentials and cutting away the non-essentials. But art always needs time. It has no patience with a woman who is in a hurry. The famous beauties of the world, Cleopatra, Récamier, Pompadour, the Empress Josephine, do you think they hurried? They knew the importance of giving time to beauty. Women of America have this to learn from the women of France. Beauty and love are inseparable. No matter how free, how independent, how liberated a woman is she is a woman first and last and love is her *metier*. Love demands that she be feminine, that she be charming, that she make of herself a person of loveliness. Love demands that she be beautiful in a different way from dozens of other women she knows. Therein lies her strength.

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Kiddies are wild about it - the new cereal that pops and *crackles*

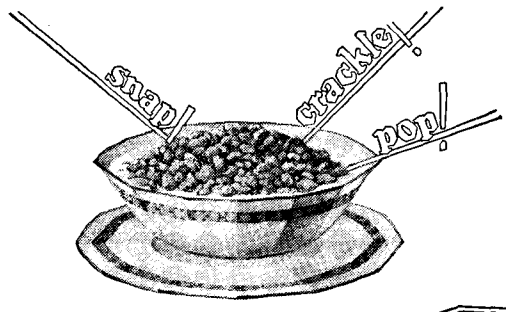
You never have to coax the children to eat when you serve Kellogg's Rice Krispies. Kiddies love the taste of this new cereal. And they are simply fascinated with the way it crackles and pops when you pour on the milk or cream.

Golden-crisp rice bubbles! That's Rice Krispies. Packed with the nourishing elements of toasted rice.

Order a package for breakfast. Try your Rice Krispies with fruits and honey added. Great for lunch. And of course it's an ideal dish for the children's supper. Easy to digest—and see how the milk disappears!

Sprinkle Rice Krispies into soups. Make crisp macaroons, candies. Butter and serve like pop corn.

Order from your grocer. Eat some plain—right out of the red-and-green package. That's how good Rice Krispies are! Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.



Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES

The Young Rush in

Continued from page 15

brink, with a great stuttering of feet.

"I guess it is," said Whiskers.

Dixie's quirt slapped, and his pony sprang crouching to the edge. With a great shock Whiskers saw that Dixie was going to take the plunge.

He tried to yell to him, but it was already too late. The horse put its head low over the edge, its hindquarters squatting; reached far down the wall with braced curving forelegs, trying to shorten by a length that ugly drop; then for an instant seemed to check, fighting gravity, as if it would have pulled back.

That moment seemed an hour, while man and horse toppled forward slowly, slowly—though no more than a second was used there. Whiskers saw Dixie lengthen his reins, holding high the end of the swinging loop, so that the horse had a free head; he sat straight up, lithe and slim, a piece with the brute. Then over they dived—snatched out of sight as if a great hand had jerked the horse over the edge of the world.

WHISKERS, bending forward, saw the horse strike once, and bound sidewise, far down, in a high flurry of snow; then man and horse disappeared, catapulting over a bulge of the drop.

The searing air returned to Whiskers' lungs. As the first shock of his astonishment passed his feeling was that of a crushing mortification and disgrace. He somehow did not doubt that Dixie would make it to the bottom. He only saw that he had sat there, old and beaten, fearful to go on, while the younger man had gone slashing over, unfaltering, into the face of the impossible. He heard Dixie's words again, a bitter though unintended taunt. "Young fellers figure different. . . . I never think about the cost—"

Two hundred yards away, at the hook of the canyon, the first cattle came streaking around the shoulder of the bluff, black against the snow like big flies. He made out Squirty Wallace, galloping hard ahead of the herd, and to one side.

An insane rage came into Whiskers Beck, a rage at the precipice, a rage at the long grinding years that slowly bent a man, holding him up at the last a fool and a drag, shamed by the younger men. He had been a top hand before Dixie Kane was born.

"Old and beat," he muttered. "No, by gad!"

He struck the spurs into the horse, uncaring whether he lived or died. Over the edge they dropped, down and down in a roaring slide of stone and snow. An upstriking ledge ripped at his left chap, and his stomach jumped against his throat as the canyon floor rushed up to meet them. Only a moment of it—a bound, a carom, half up and down again—it was over! Miraculously they swung in beside Squirty and his horse, at the head of the stampeded parade. . . .

Afterward, when they pointed out the scene of that mad descent, the descent that no horse had a right to make and live, listeners believed Dixie, but not Whiskers, for Dixie had broken his pony's leg.

The herd milled at last in the widening flats, resolved upon itself by their yells and fusillading shots; the cattle rotated slowly and more slowly, and finally stopped, heads down, the vapor of their breathing going up from the mass of them as if they slowly leaked puffs of steam.

Two hours had passed since some unknown agency—a rolling stone, perhaps—had stampeded the herd. Dixie Kane was there by that time. A dozen horses of the remuda had seen fit to stampede inanely after the cattle; and Dixie, pulling himself together and watching his chance, had roped one of them and changed his saddle to it from his dead mount. But, when all was quiet again, it was Whiskers Beck who could not be found.

"Where's the old goat got to?" Squirty demanded in a queer voice. There is something uncanny about the disappearance of a man from your side. "I been singing out to him fer fifteen minutes."

"He shore ain't around here," said Dixie.

"You seen him get out in front, didn't yuh?"

"I seen a landslide."

"Well, he did. An' he helped me mill 'em when we got 'em stopped."

"Maybe that was me," offered Dixie hopefully. "I kind o' swang in on the tail end."

"This wasn't no tail end, an' it wasn't you. We gotta find the old buzzard, Dixie; mebbe he's hurt an' down some place."

"Well—let's take one more swing around."

They turned and rode, and presently met on the far side of the herd, with still no word of Whiskers Beck.

"Suppose he's under them steers," said Squirty pessimistically. "They keep snortin' in there an' edgin' away from one place."

"What'd be the use? Anyway, cows won't stand by blood. Move off an' build a fire, Dixie. I can hold 'em now."

It was another half hour before Squirty left his circle, riding for a bit to consult with Dixie at the fire. Dixie was mounting to ride back. And then, mysteriously, Whiskers Beck reappeared.

"Well, hellamighty," said Dixie. "Where *you* been? We had a heck of a time here."

"Oh, yuh did? Well, I was here an' you wasn't. An' yuh want to know where I been? Take a look at this here."

He hefted a faintly struggling carcass from his saddle bow, and awkwardly lowered it to the ground. It bleated, and staggered off toward the herd.

"I WENT back after that doggie calf," Whiskers said, "that's where I been. I figgered he'd git left behind, an' that's what he done. I don't know what'd become o' the stock if I left it to you fellers!"

Dixie and Squirty stared, tired men on blown horses.

"A calf," said Squirty at last. "Shore enough, a calf!"

"What kind of old buzzard *is* this? He jumps his horse two hundred feet, an' somersets in a pile o' rocks with the horse on top, an' gets stampeded over an' what's he thinkin' about? A four-dollar calf!"

"Oh?" said Dixie, smarting under his own mischance. "I s'pose he was lookin' fer the calf when I passed him at the top o' the bluff!"

Whiskers leaned far out to look at his horse's legs. There was hide missing from the animal's belly, and a long gash on the inside of a foreleg.

"Who, me?" Whiskers said, making his horse walk away. "I was pickin' the best way down."

The two cowboys sat looking at each other, through the half-transparent dark.

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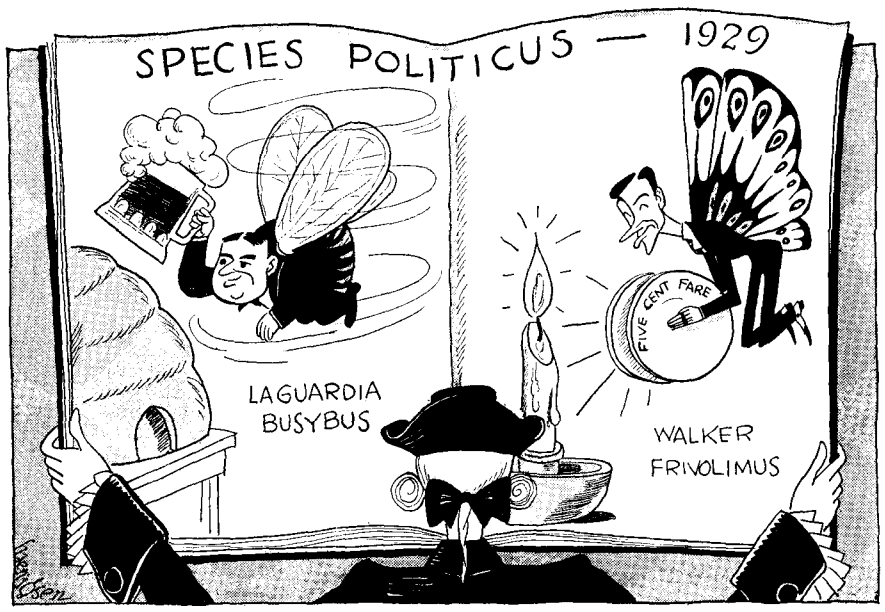

Broadway isn't New York

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

I AM writing this a long time before the next mayoralty election in New York City will be held and at a time when predictions are hazardous, but it looks now as if the two contestants for the office of mayor would be Mayor Jimmy Walker and Fiorello La Guardia, who now represents Harlem in Congress.

Mayor Jimmy's stock as a candidate rose with the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States confirming the five-cent subway fare. But anything that strengthens Jimmy increases the probability that Fiorello will be his opponent, for if anyone can make a real run against the debonair Jimmy it is the rotund Italian Congressman.

Let us look at Fiorello politically. In the first place he is a citizen of the largest Italian city of the world, New York. That is important. In the next place he is not too much of a Republican. When the Republicans turn up their noses at him, he runs as a Socialist and wins. And when the Republicans, despairing of beating him, accept him, he runs as a Republican and wins.

Now it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle or for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven than it is for a Republican to become mayor of New York.

But Fiorello is not a Republican, except on occasion. And he is not a Socialist, except on occasion. On all occasions and in all seasons he is just Fiorello. And incidentally there are a couple of hundred thousand Socialists who would like to vote for him.

The Dark Continent

Ordinarily when the Republicans are looking for a candidate for mayor they choose someone who has great strength in the Union League Club and who doesn't know whether Coenties Slip is on the East or the West Side, or whether Avenue B is a street or a joke in one of Charlie Chaplin's movies.

New York, in spite of beliefs widely held by people of this broad land, is divided into people who have never seen anything in it but Broadway, Fifth Avenue, Park Avenue and Wall Street, and people who have never seen Broadway, Fifth Avenue, Park Avenue and Wall Street. The Republicans always nominate for mayor one of the former. The people of the rest of the city take a look at him and regard him as a foreigner. Needless to say they don't vote for him.

Now there is a lot of New York besides Broadway, Fifth Avenue, Park Avenue and Wall Street. Take the avenues. They begin at Avenue D, running backward through the alphabet to Avenue A, and then from First Avenue to Eleventh Avenue. And this leaves out Spuyten Duyvil, 242d Street, Jerome Avenue, Flatlands and the banks of the Gowanus Canal.

Now Tammany, becoming "new" and better, going in for finer linen and more expensive cigars, left the gas-house district four years ago and emerged on Broadway with Jimmy Walker. That is to say, it began to borrow its political strategy from the Republicans.

The Two Apprentices

Jimmy Walker, I venture to say, carried the Union League Club and will do so again. Al Smith always did. This is a triumph which is bound in the end to be disastrous, though I am not bold enough to venture the prediction that it will be so in this year of grace.

The elegant Jimmy is Broadway. He is about as much New York, not to mention Greenpoint and the Gowanus Canal, as an orchid in a Fifth Avenue florist's shop is New York. He is a miracle of clothes and gayety.

If the last election showed anything, it was that there are great masses in the cities, New York included, yearning for self-expression in politics. Tammany, going after the Union League Club vote, has forgotten them. Fiorello, I should guess, is much nearer to their minds than the elegant Jimmy.

Fiorello has the homelier virtues that have been too long esteemed to disappear entirely before the apparition of Jimmy. He runs to his seat in the House as fast as his short legs can carry him.

He munches a bag of peanuts for lunch, for fear some enemy of the people or of beer may put something over if he absents himself long enough to eat a Penrose sandwich at a table and drink a cup of coffee. He talks more and faster than anyone else in Congress. He has inexhaustible energy. He knows an astonishing amount about the business of legislation, picked up no one knows how in his ceaseless activity.

He has a heart in his big bosom and you can hear it beating above the rattle of the Longworth machinery. He has the crushing retort that Jimmy has. He has an amazing talent for publicity. If he and Jimmy are opponents, we shall see the Industrious and the Idle Apprentice at it again, perhaps, of course, without the moral ending of Hogarth's fable.

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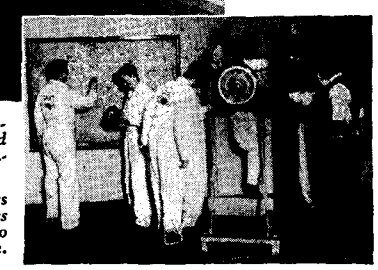

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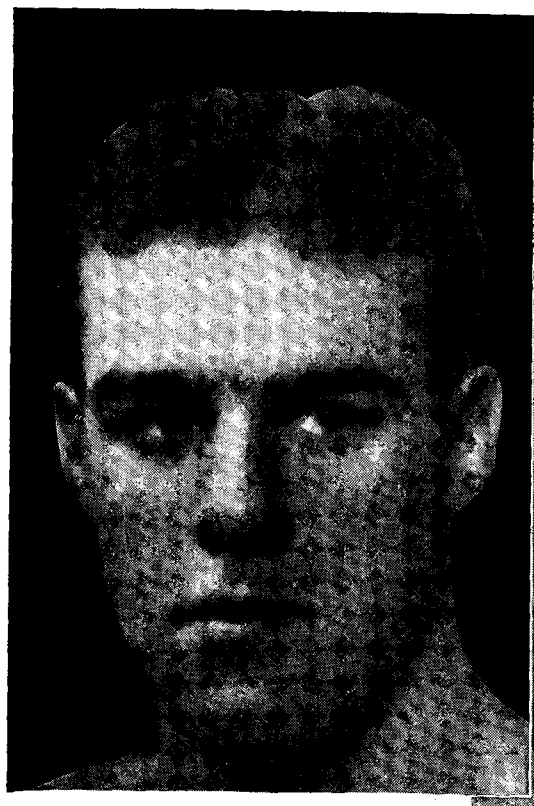

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A Far Cry

Continued from page 7

like-minded. The fowl had been especially imported for microphone work and had had its voice tested in Hollywood. It was a spirited-looking bird with an angry red top-knot and its appointed task was to stand upon the stump and crow, flapping its wings and betraying other signs of matutinal excitement. It refused to do so. It refused to stand upon the stump. It refused to crow in clarion tones, or any other tones a microphone could use.

Strong hands overcame the rooster's reluctance and a length of wire was used effectively to hold him on the stump in front of the eager cameras, but the staff presently went weak trying to coax a morning crow for the waiting microphone, which was suspended over his nibs' ear. Two days were devoted to cajoling. They rubbed his beak with resin and chewing gum, slipped tobacco under his tongue, howled at him, and hid him away in a light-proof box so that he might think it was daybreak when released. Devices and stratagems fell flat. They could not make him crow.

HAIDEE JOYCE contemplated with interest these painful subterfuges and smiled at young Paul Berry, who cared not how many days the company loitered in Sunland County. At the end of a long futile session with the future stew à la Maryland, Buck Sawyer wiped a damp forehead, threw his megaphone into a cactus tree and called upon heaven to witness the suffering of one frail human being.

"Mr. Sawyer," said Haidee in a respectful voice, "could I make a suggestion?"

The director glared and grunted.

"Well," said Haidee, "I believe the rooster would actually crow if you got Sam McBan to come up here and tease him along."

"And who's he?"

"The bird and animal imitator. He can crow just like a rooster, and I believe if your rented rooster listened to Sam crow awhile—"

"Where is he now?"

Haidee rejoined that Mr. McBan could be located in the very center of Hollywood and Buck at first was inclined to order a three-motor airplane, but compromised on a fast touring car and a telegram to the home office ordering Sam into the talking movies.

"Who is this boy friend of yours?" inquired Paul Berry, quick with the suspicion of young love.

"Is he the guy who wanted to marry you?"

"Yes, he is," admitted Haidee and Paul assumed the serious expression of a young fellow running into his first real attack of jealousy.

Mr. McBan received his summons into the new form of the movie art with delight. He entered a studio car and was whisked away and in no time at all he was standing before an immobile and defiant rooster in Sunland County, listening to Buck Sawyer and his problem.

"We'll pay you a hundred dollars," said Director Sawyer. "Won't take you more than an hour."

"Very well," Sam agreed and presently he noticed Haidee Joyce and saw to his vast amazement that she too was working in the movies. He greeted her heartily. His manner was a trifle superior, but touched with friendliness.

Paul Berry paced to and fro uneasily, like a zoo lion waiting for the evening meal. "I don't like him," he said fervently. "He's greasy. Why'd you have to send for him?"

"Well, he's the only man I know who can imitate a rooster real well," the girl explained and Paul spent the morning glaring at the newcomer and wishing him ill.

"Now," pursued Director Sawyer, "the idea is like this. Our rooster won't crow and he's got to crow. If he hears another rooster crowing, he may catch the fever and get hot, and you're the other rooster. Get me?"

"I do," replied McBan.

"Shoot," said Buck, and the recalcitrant fowl being again hog-tied to his stump, the morning's work proceeded apace. Sam McBan removed his coat, folded it neatly, glanced at his small but appreciative audience, took his position in front of the defiant fowl, outside the camera's eye, and opened his mouth in the famous imitation that has made him the man he is today in vaudeville circles.

With tremendous gusto, he flapped his arms and scratched the ground with his toes in such a vividly realistic manner that even Paul Berry was impressed. Buck Sawyer glanced uneasily at his real rooster, waiting for signs of animation. The real rooster stared at Sam McBan with a cold and glassy eye, and betrayed no sign of either recognition or approval.

"I'll do it over," Sam suggested, removing his vest.

He did so, and his effort was again unavailing. The anchored fowl beheld him with steadily diminishing interest and refused even to open its mouth. One hour composed of minutes fled into the chill maw of eternity.

"Say," remarked a bystanding electrician with a mind of his own, "I should think if Mr. McBan was to get out of sight and crow, then our rooster would think it was another rooster calling, and he might get up steam."

"Certainly," Buck agreed. "Why didn't I think of that?"

All present saw at once the reasonableness of the suggestion, and the perspiring actor was commanded to cease scratching and waving his arms.

"Out of sight," ordered Buck, "and if it don't work this time, I am going to kill that rooster, whether we own him or rent him."

"Where will I go?" the imitator asked, and Buck indicated a high board fence adjoining the scene. It happened that the Sawyer company was working in the abandoned ball park of the Sunland City team, located in the outskirts of the town, where there was privacy and plenty of elbow room.

"Go outside the fence," directed Mr. Sawyer, and McBan crawled through a hole in the fence and faded from view.

"NOW," shouted Buck, and presently, from outside the tall board fence of the deserted ball park, there came the familiar sounds, high and clear, and genuinely realistic. McBan verily outdid himself. Disheartened by early failure, he threw his soul into the performance, and almost immediately the balky rooster on the stump responded. For the first time, he or it manifested true signs of animation, turned a startled shoe-button eye toward the fence and moved a wing convulsively.

"Ready," said Buck, in a hoarse whisper and his mechanics stepped to their posts. "He's going to crow, so help us."

It seemed so. The rooster raised a thoughtful beak aloft and a spasmodic shudder ran down his spine. He winked his beady eyes rapidly. He opened his mouth wide.

"Camera," said Buck in an undertone. Beyond the high board fence, the dis-

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tant crowing ended. Then there was silence. Buck Sawyer turned in purple rage.

"Now what?" he demanded and there was none to reply. The silence continued. Mr. McBan did not resume, and the real rooster sank back into the sodden lassitude which had delayed a motion picture company for three mortal days.

Mr. Sawyer consigned animal imitators to the lowest depths and fell upon a camp stool beside his motionless cameras.

"Go and see what the haitch jay suffering beeswax is the matter with that vaudeville actor," he commanded, and Paul Berry stepped swiftly away from Number Two camera and started running. He disappeared through the hole in the fence, and a moment later came to an amazed halt.

AN OPEN motor car chugged placidly at rest and behind its wheel lounged a uniformed police officer, wearing a grim smile of triumph. Immediately beside the car stood another police officer, also wearing a grim smile and holding in his right hand a piece of cloth. The cloth was a shirt and the shirt was attached to the figure of Sam McBan, who was speaking in low, feverish tones.

"That's all right," stated the cop, who was holding Sam. "Don't say any more about it, because everything's going to be all right."

The actor wriggled.

"You got me all wrong, Officer," he said. "Ask this man."

The cops turned and regarded Mr. Berry, who approached with questioning hesitance.

"Ask him," pleaded the captive, squirming under the hand of the law. "Go on, ask him."

"What's the matter?" Paul inquired.

"This guy thinks he's a rooster," explained the standing cop, "and he is. Just a nice rooster. I've told him we're gonna take him down where there's a lot of hens for him to play with. . . . You know him?"

"I saw him before," Paul admitted coldly. "What are you pinching him for?"

"What are we pinching him for!" exclaimed the standing cop, who seemed possessed of a gentle nature. "Well, we just drive up here a minute ago and find the poor lad crowing his heart out against a fence and kicking up a lot of dust and waving the old arms and I say to Eddie: 'Well, Eddie, damn' if there ain't our lunatic.' Didn't I, Eddie? We been hunting this nut for two weeks."

"No?" said Paul.

"Yes," said the cop.

"I'm working here," McBan shouted. "I'm no more lunatic than you are."

"There," said the cop gently, "there, there."

"We been hunting this guy all over the place," said the sitting officer severely. "Night-time he goes around making marks on people's doors with a piece of chalk. He's got our town scared stiff."

"What do you think of that?" Paul asked, his interest growing.

"Yes. The women are hysterical, wiping off chalk marks, and the chief is sore. He draws crosses and things on doors. Yet they ain't any harm in this fellow—he's just a nut."

"I am not a nut," McBan protested hotly.

"Get in there," commanded the outside cop, pushing Sam into the police car, "and keep quiet till we get you down to the coop."

"My name is McBan and I'm working for—"

"Get in there," repeated the cop harshly, "before I throw you in."

Mr. McBan stepped hastily into the patrol car and turned a pleading countenance toward Paul Berry, who maintained a stony attitude. The cops also looked at Paul.

"You know him, hey," the driver said. "Who is he?"

"He sorta worked for us," Paul stated, looking hard at Mr. McBan in the rear seat, "and now that I come to think of it, I been wondering why he always carries a piece of chalk around."

"AHA," said the cop triumphantly, and without further ado, the guardians of public safety in Sunland City drove off in a cloud of dust. Mr. Berry remained where he was, until aroused from reveries by the unmistakable sound of a rooster crowing.

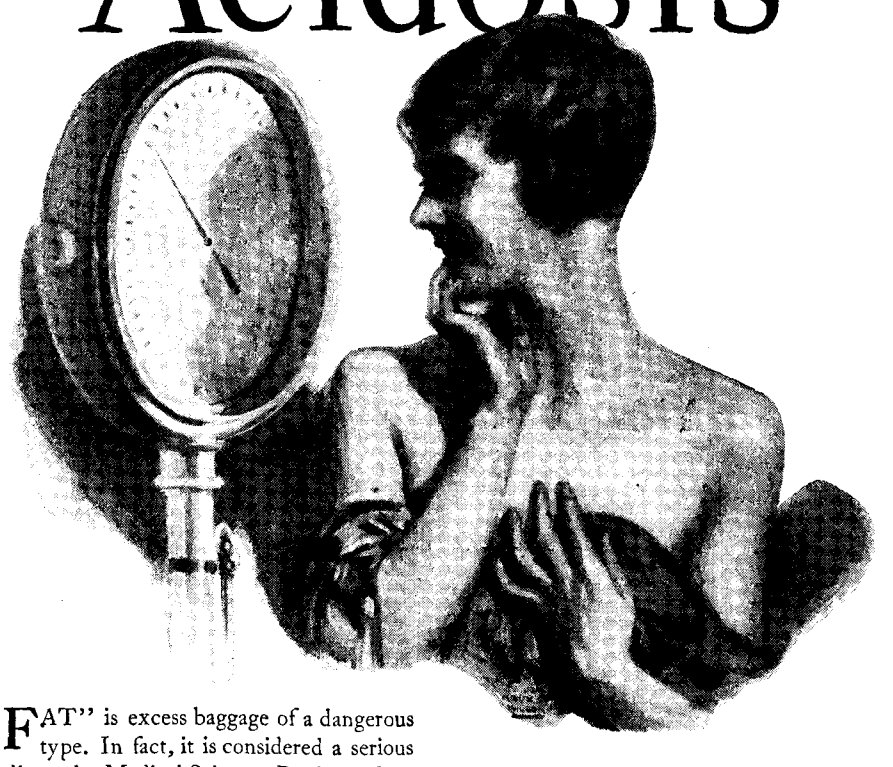
He turned and retraced his steps at full gallop, for a second cameraman knows full well that his place is beside his crank when an obstinate fowl finally decides to crow. Mr. Berry wore a slight smile as he worked, and later on, the crowing sequence being finished, Mr. Sawyer happened to think.

"Where's McBan?" he inquired.

"He went away with a couple of friends," replied the second cameraman, glancing at Haidee, who looked lovely in her new mountain costume.

Prize Fighter's Wife: "Good luck, Mike—and I'll call up the dentist and tell him you'll be there in the morning!"

SAFE REDUCING *without the usual danger of* Acidosis



"FAT" is excess baggage of a dangerous type. In fact, it is considered a serious disease by Medical Science. But in the language of an eminent diet authority, "*Many methods of reducing cause more damage than the fat itself.*" So, if you are appreciably overweight, as may be detected from your appearance and from the usual logginess "fat" people experience, you must consider two things:—

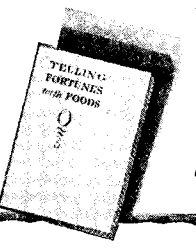
For your own present and future good *you must reduce!* And, second, *you must reduce with safety!* Unless you take off weight under the direction of a physician, a type of Acidosis due to improper loss of body fat almost invariably develops. This is the forerunner of serious disorders.

This message is inspired by the teachings and practices of the high authority mentioned. In his words: "If you wish to reduce without Acidosis and its resultant body injury the diet must contain ample starches and sugars." Contrary to unprofessional teachings, sugar *is needed* to properly "burn the fat" and is best secured from ample fresh fruits, fruit juices and vegetables. An adequate supply of these foods will also prevent constipation, supply needed vitamins and minerals and prevent the more common acid-ash type of Acidosis, due to lack of proper balance in foods eaten.

"The next principle," continues this authority, "is the elimination of fat from the diet; fatty meats, butter, cream and mayonnaise. *Take fat out of the diet—skim the milk!* Reducing diets must be surprisingly low in calories because fat persons need so little food. This is usually accomplished by cutting out the fat. While it may take 3000 calories to nourish a thin person, 1000 calories may be sufficient for the fat person wanting to reduce." Exercise goes hand in hand with correct diet. Increase walking and other forms of outdoor exercise.

California Sunkist Oranges and Lemons—proved by Science to be richest in juice and finest in flavor—play a vitally important part in Safe Reducing. They help to supply the needed natural sugars, minerals and vitamins. Besides, Sunkist Oranges and Lemons while acid in taste, are alkaline in their reaction in the body. Taken generously each day in conjunction with the diet used by the Specialist quoted they build up and preserve the necessary alkaline balance of the body. Also, they contain no fat and are, therefore, low in calories.

"Telling Fortunes with Foods" is a free booklet on Acidosis—*and diets*—which has had the entire approval of this authority. It not only discusses Acidosis in its various forms but gives sufficient Safe Reducing diets for ten days, balanced to prevent both types of Acidosis. Look for the name "Sunkist" both on the skin and wrapper of Oranges and on the wrapper of Lemons. It is your assurance of uniform quality.



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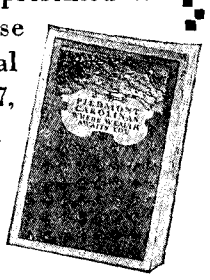

DUKE POWER COMPANY

SOUTHERN PUBLIC UTILITIES COMPANY AND OTHER ALLIED INTERESTS

Nothing up my Sleeve

Continued from page 19

way. He did not understand English and I called to the clerk. After a good deal of singsong argument I was permitted to pass. But at the foot of the second flight of stairs stood another sentinel, who also refused to let me pass. Angry by this time, I forced myself by him, took the stairs two at a jump only to plump into the arms of a gigantic, ferocious-looking one-eyed Chinaman who guarded the flight of stairs leading to Mr. Tam's office. There was no use struggling. Even if I broke from his grip of steel, I could not escape, for the sinister sound of many feet padding up the stairs below told me that my retreat was cut off.

Mr. Tam, hearing the commotion, poked his head out of his office at the psychological moment. A sharp command effected my release. Tam took my hand.

"Why did you come here?"

The Great Revolutionary

I showed him my bill and asked him to translate it. He promised to come to see me about it at my hotel the next day. While we were talking, a voice in the office said something in Chinese and for several minutes Tam and the man inside chattered back and forth in their singsong lingo. Finally Tam said I could stay and ushered me into the back room and excused himself. In a few minutes he returned, and I gathered from his face and manner that something out of the ordinary had been going on in the next room. He explained that the most powerful agent of the revolutionary movement in China was in his private office soliciting money. All the merchants in the city were forced by threats of death to contribute to the revolutionary fund, and he himself had given large sums frequently.

"I have told my friend about you," Tam concluded. "As you are going to play Macao it would be wise for you to give something toward the cause. In that way, you will secure protection, for Macao, which is under the Portuguese Government, is the home of the revolutionary party and is inhabited mainly by criminals and fugitives from the Chinese Government."

I had a fleeting vision of being crimped of my cash; and all the dark stories I had heard of battle, murder, and sudden death, associated with the revolutionary party, flashed through my mind. So I urged Tam to explain to his fellow conspirator that I was in hearty sympathy with the movement and while I was not rich I would be glad to give as much money as I could afford. To my relief Tam replied that twenty dollars would be ample. I counted out the money and followed Tam into his private office. In the center of the room, perched on a stool, his hand bagged in long flowing sleeves, was a small, slender man wearing the ordinary blue robe of the middle-class Chinaman. His face was round and impassive and a pair of quiet eyes blinked at me solemnly behind spectacles.

Mr. Tam handed me a card on which the stranger had written a few cabalistic characters. He said his friend was pleased with my contribution and that this card would give me ample protection in Macao. Then Mr. Tam hurried me out of the office.

Afterwards, in Macao, I related the incident to Mr. Farmer, manager of the hotel where we stayed, and showed him the card.

Farmer, who had lived thirty odd years in China, and knew the language, became very thoughtful and drew me aside as he read the card.

"Do you know what this says?"

I shook my head.

Farmer came closer and said in a low voice: "It's a passport of the revolutionary party signed by Dr. Sun Yat Sen!"

Macao was under martial law when we were there in the summer of 1906. At every corner of the paths that did service as streets a sentry was posted. At night these tortuous, narrow streets were dark, and to be abroad after sundown was an uncanny experience.

At that time Macao was the rendezvous of the criminal riff-raff of the Orient. The very air was saturated with mystery. Many a night I sat at the broad, open window of my sleeping-room, a pistol close to my hand, listening to the sinister beating of the city's heart.

Wealthy Chinamen, I suppose, look upon Macao as a second Monte Carlo. But to me it will always exist as a microcosm of China at its worst, with its filth, poverty, wealth, its crime and brutality, its beautiful silks and its foul cotton rags, its fish and opium.

We gave our show in the theater of the Portuguese Club in Macao, and during the engagement a wealthy Chinaman requested me to give a private performance at his home in the suburbs of the city. He would have a theater built of bamboo for this especial purpose, of such proportions as I desired, with every appliance necessary for the production of my illusions. I replied that as I was booked to open shortly in Shanghai, there would not be time to build a theater.

He said, "The theater will be ready for a performance tomorrow evening. May I count on you?"

Early the next morning I was rickshawed out to the Chinaman's house—a magnificent mansion set in the heart of a wonderful tropical garden—and to my surprise the place was alive with slaves of the lamp, toiling at my theater. When I carted my baggage out late that afternoon the temporary playhouse was completed—a substantial building with a seating capacity of two thousand and a stage large enough for my bulkiest mechanical effects.

An Adventure in the Dark

We gave three performances in the "Aladdin Theater," as Maud named it, and after the performance of the third night my Chinese patron invited Blakey, Maud Amber and myself to dine at his home. It was a European dinner, from oysters and soup to walnuts and wine, and wonderfully cooked. I had eaten dinners in all parts of the world but none better than that meal in Macao.

After dinner my host informed me that he had instructed his secretary to conduct me to his office in town and pay me for my services, explaining that it was dangerous for a resident of Macao to keep a large sum of money in his house. So after an exchange of goodbys and mutual expressions of esteem we rode back to town in our rickshaw. About three blocks from our hotel the secretary turned up a side street, ordering his servants to escort Maud and the company to the hotel. I looked up the narrow, sinister street and suggested that Blakey come with me. The comedian shook his head.

"No, thanks, old man! I'll see the folks home."

So I ordered the rickshaw boy to follow the secretary and we plunged into the night. After wandering through

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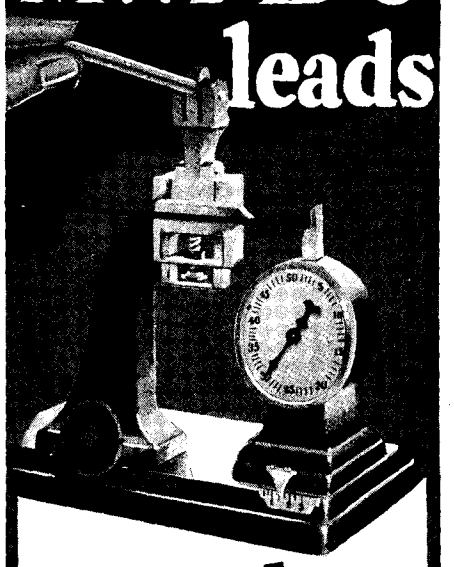

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. . . or back you go!

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That is why, when you use the perfectly balanced ENDERS RAZOR, you're sure that *every* blade will be without exception, the *keenest shaving instrument that man can make.*

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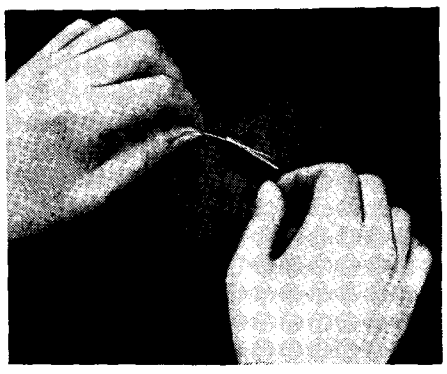

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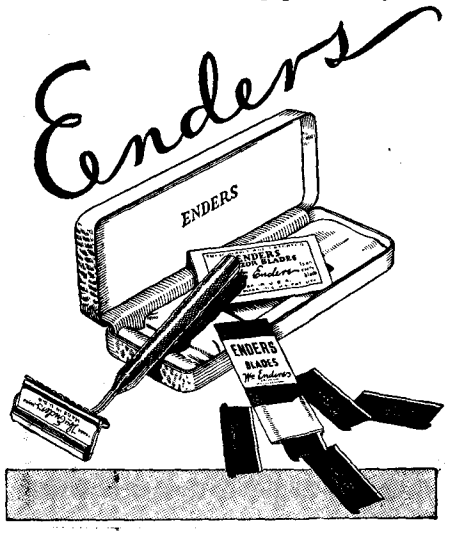


the murky darkness, we stopped in front of a squat stone house whose steps were flush with the narrow street. My guide knocked softly on the door, in a peculiar manner, as if giving a signal, and presently a chain clinked inside and a bolt snapped out of its lock. Then the door creaked on its hinges and an old Chinese man blinked at us in the feeble light of a lantern.

The Treasure Cave

The secretary stepped into the dark hall without a word and I followed with some misgivings. It did not add to my peace of mind to hear the door chained and bolted behind me. In single file we groped down a long hall and through a second door, which was also locked behind us. This did not relieve my uneasiness. Every step I took increased my dislike of the long-bearded Chinese porter, the dark stony halls and the heavy doors on each side. I called myself a fool for not waiting until morning for my money. But I was in for it now and had to see the adventure through. So I slipped my automatic from its holster into my coat pocket and held it with a finger pressing on the trigger.

At last when three doors had been chained and bolted behind us, we entered a long narrow room at one end of which tapers, in long silver holders, were burning at the foot of a stone god. As my eyes became accustomed to the light I made out a heavy teakwood table in the middle of the room; against the wall were two Chinamen, with long, drooping mustaches, reclining in curiously carved Chinese lounging chairs. Opposite these Chinamen, and high above our heads, was a small window fitted with iron bars. At one end of the room was a large iron door almost flush with the wall. The long-bearded porter opened this door, revealing two steel doors, bolted and barred, like a safe deposit vault. The secretary twirled the knob of the combination lock, swung open the heavy doors, and vanished into the vault, followed by the porter with the bobbing lantern.

I stood with my back to the barred window and watched the two reclining Chinamen smoking their long pipes. And as I watched, all the grisly stories of robbery and murder that our host Farmer had related to us at the hotel were mustered in my mind.

The secretary appeared with a bag of gold in his hand and poured the contents upon the teakwood table. The two men rose from the reclining chairs and stood at the table, the long-bearded Chinaman holding the lantern above their heads so that the white light trickled down on the glinting gold pieces. Then followed an animated chattering in Chinese. I thought they were quarreling and tightened my grip on the gun.

Finally three hundred and forty gold sovereigns were counted and stacked in front of me; the secretary wrote a receipt and asked me, in English, for my signature. For an instant I was in a quandary. The pistol being in my right-hand pocket, I should be at the mercy of the yellow men while signing the paper. In the breathless instant it took me to reach for the pen, I fully expected the Chinaman with the long mustache, who stood next to me, to slip a knife between my ribs. There was something portentous in the long-bearded porter's crossing to the other side of the table just at that instant. I looked for paneled doors to open in the walls or a trap to drop under my feet. It was clear that this was a well-laid plot, and my patron's suave excuse that it was unsafe to keep money at home was a contrivance to get me into this house of the wolf. I was positive that as soon as I signed the receipt something horrible would happen. I wondered what they would do with my body; whether they would sew it in a bag and throw it into the bay or bury it in some mysterious crypt; and with these thoughts I condemned Blakey for not coming with me to this place.

I signed the document, took a fresh grip on my automatic, and with my left hand scooped the gold coins into my pocket, watching, at the same time, the long bony fingers of the Chinaman beside me. Before removing the last coin from the table I shifted my position on the floor, as I was positive there was a trap under my feet. Just then the old man with the long mustache passed behind me. I could feel his sleeve brush against my coat, and my flesh quivered at the touch as if it had been a knife. He closed the heavy doors of the vault; his companion, at the same time, unlocked the door of the room; the porter took up his lantern, and we started on the long journey to the street. At the door the secretary and I paused. I preferred to follow him down the passageway; but he, with Oriental suavity, insisted on my preceding him. So I followed the porter, with every nerve tingling, while close behind me was the relentless pad-pad of the secretary's sandaled feet. I know how a condemned prisoner feels in the solemn march from the death-cell to the gallows, for I fully expected every moment that the secretary would leap forward and use his knife.

At length the outer door swung open and I took a long breath of damp night air. The secretary bade me good night and I rolled away in my rickshaw.

Still conscious of the fears of the night, the next day I returned to the squat stone house and induced the secretary to sell those strangely carved chairs in which the silent Chinaman had sat.

A Performance by Installments

The filthiest places in China are the theaters, and I believe the filthiest theater in the whole Celestial Kingdom was the Tai Ping Theater, on Queen's Central Road, Hongkong, where I played a return engagement after visiting Macao, Fuchau, Amoy and Shanghai. The theater was large enough to seat four thousand persons.

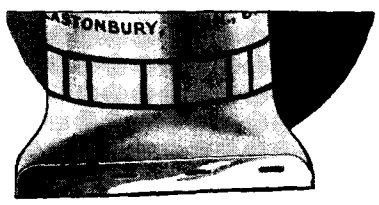
That first night at the Tai Ping Theater is a memorable event of my career. When I stepped upon the wobbly bamboo stage before a packed audience composed wholly of Chinese, the vision that met my eyes was one that few white men have been privileged to behold. The tables on the ground floor were surrounded by Chinese gentlemen in rich silks of many colors, yellow and purple predominating. Some wore gorgeous mandarin coats. Pretty little singsong girls, as colorful as humming birds, flitted in and out among the tables, pouring tea into rose-leaf cups or filling tiny silver pipes. In the boxes above sat the wives of wealthy merchants and officials. They wore embroidered tunics of yellow and purple and were weighted with jewelry and precious gems. The seats in the balcony were occupied largely by merchants of the well-to-do class; the two galleries were badly lighted but I could see a mountain of yellow faces.

I opened the performance as usual, with card manipulations. As I plucked card after card out of the air, the vast audience was so quiet I feared they did not understand; but when I began to vanish cards, and apparently pass them through various parts of my body, the galleries broke out into a violent chattering. Fancying this was their method of showing appreciation, I smiled and

(*Continued on page 50*)

"Just notice the fine skins of the men who use *WILLIAMS*"

60 HOURS!



Sixty hours! Two-and-a-half days . . . per year! That's about the time the average man spends in shaving. Figure it out yourself.

¶ Pleasant hours for you? Yes . . . . if you use Williams!

¶ A Williams shave is quick, close, clean. Speedy lather, rich in body. Of grateful coolness from the moment it touches your skin. So mild it amazes many who have thought all lather must carry something of a sting. Not so with Williams!

¶ Saturated with moisture, too. Ten per cent more of it than in any other we know of, by authentic test. Therein lies its beard softening, skin lubricating power. Makes beards go more quickly. Makes blades stay sharp longer.

¶ And at the end of the morning shave, the mirror shows a face that's Fit!

¶ Of a truth the drug clerk knows: "Oh, yes, sometimes they change . . . . . *but they all come back to Williams!*"

Next time say

"Williams Shaving Cream *please!*"

Complete the shave with a dash of AQUA VELVA Made *just* for that!

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THE HATS
OF YOUTHFUL
SMARTNESS

MALLORY
STRAWS

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¶ At better hat stores and hat departments.

MALLORY
STRAWS

THE MALLORY HAT COMPANY
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NEW YORK

(*Continued from page 49*)

bowed, but as my acknowledgment had no effect on the crowd I was nonplused. I couldn't go on amid that babble of voices, and I couldn't stand there doing nothing. So I nodded to Sid Watson and he struck into "Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey?" The ragtime ditty put a quietus on the conversation, and when the interlude was over a Chinese gentleman at a table near the front stood up and said in English:

"Sir, pardon this intrusion, but I suggest that you do not perform your tricks so quickly. The spectators in the gallery complain that they cannot follow your motion. I also suggest that you allow a minute or two to elapse between each trick so that the audience may have an opportunity to discuss it."

I thanked the gentleman and did my next trick very deliberately. When it was over I walked off the stage, lit a little cigar, and sat down to smoke while the audience discussed the trick among themselves. When the chatter ceased I sauntered out on the stage, leisurely performed another trick, and then retired for another short smoke.

As it is difficult to present large illusions without a word of explanation, I had engaged an editor of a Chinese newspaper to act as interpreter. So when I came to the first illusion on the program I invited the interpreter on the stage to repeat my words.

Salutation in Full

"Ladies and gentlemen," I began and nodded to the interpreter to turn that into the vernacular. He began a fusillade of outlandish sounds, the spectators eagerly listening, and raised his voice gradually until it became blustery. He contorted his face and used many violent gestures, after the manner of the Chinese actor. After two or three minutes I stopped him and requested him to repeat only what I said.

He replied that that was just what he was doing, but he had to follow the custom of his country and give my salutation to the mandarins, the manager of the theater, the gentlemen of distinction on the first floor, the citizens in the balcony, and lastly to the coolies perched in the galleries. I could only smile approval, and the fellow went on for fully five minutes addressing different sections of the house, and extending my respects to their distinguished and noble selves, their august and revered parents, and their exalted ancestors. I stood it as long as I could, but when he stopped to retrieve his breath for a fresh rhetorical effort I grabbed him by the sleeve, led him gently but firmly from the stage, and deposited him in Blakey's ample arms.

"He's your prisoner, Blakey. If he tries to escape and get out on the stage, kill him."

I returned to my work determined that those who did not understand English would have to get along the best they could with my pantomime. The plan worked admirably. Chinese are natural pantomimists, and there were no further complaints about not understanding my tricks. We closed the first part with the "Dida" illusion. When I had whipped the silken covering off the tank of water and discovered a blond girl in tights reclining comfortably at the bottom, a dead silence settled like a pall on the audience. But after I had assisted the young woman out of the tank, and she had bowed, smiled and kissed her hand to the spectators, a great uproar broke out from pit to dome. When I produced a second girl in the tank the uproar swelled into a riot, and I suddenly remembered that Mr. Tam had told me women were not permitted to appear on a Chinese stage.

So calling upon Mr. Tam to act as interpreter I explained how sorry I was that through ignorance I had offended one of the customs of the country. I added, that the success of my most wonderful and mysterious illusions depended upon my using women in a hypnotic state. It was impossible, I explained, to use men in these feats, for men, being less sensitive than women, could not be put into the necessary degree of hypnosis. If I could not use hypnotized women for my illusions, I should be obliged to cut out almost half of the program.

Except Under Hypnosis

With that argument I walked off the stage to smoke another little cigar, leaving it to Manager Tam and the spectators to thresh it out among themselves. After a few minutes Mr. Tam beckoned me on the stage, assuring me that he had explained the situation, and that the audience had agreed that so long as I used only hypnotized women I would be permitted to give my regular performance.

The next number was an illustrated song by Miss Maud Amber. So I led the lady on the stage, à la Trilby, and did the old Svengali stunt. I had hard work to keep my features straight, for Miss Amber, who knew the whole thing was a joke, kept talking to me in a stage whisper.

I had arranged to play at the Tai Ping Theater for Mr. Tam, who, with a group of twenty friends, had leased the playhouse. The agreement called for a salary and a percentage of the gross receipts. During the intermission, on the first night, I rushed out to the box office to get a report on the business. As I opened the box-office door, there came with it bushels of coins, which completely covered my feet. The floor of the box-office was two feet deep with Chinese coins—large pieces of cheap metal with holes in the middle, worth about one tenth of an American cent.

One glance told me that I could never count those coins, so I arranged with Mr. Tam for a straight weekly salary. When I concluded my engagement I had drawn just enough money to pay my expenses during the first week, and a balance of several thousand dollars was due.

The next engagement was in Kobe, Japan; the baggage was on the boat; and Mr. Tam had promised the money that morning. Blakey and I waited in his office. It was past ten; but when the clock struck eleven Blakey was sure that Mr. Tam would not come, especially as I had no written agreement with him. But I was not worried in the least.

Mr. Tam arrived with profuse apologies and counted the money in twenty pound stacks of English gold, and induced me to accept additional sums because the business had been better than expected.

I like the Chinese.

Conditions in Japan, however, were different. And for the first time since my invasion of the Far East, I faced failure. On the opening night less than a hundred Europeans were in the house. With the exception of two Japanese officials stationed at the door to collect ten per cent of the receipts for the government, there was not a Jap under the roof. At the European Club, after the performance, Mr. Cruthers, an English merchant, told me that since the war with Russia, the Japanese had boycotted all foreign enterprises, and many established firms in Kobe had found it impossible to continue their business.

My plan was to remain two months in Japan, but as there was no prospect of business we packed our baggage and hauled it to the wharf. That morning I got into conversation with the captain of a tramp steamer, and learned that he was leaving that same night for Saigon, Cochin-China. The word "Saigon" recalled to my mind what Daddy Lyons had told me about the beautiful theater costing three million francs, which the French Government had erected in that out-of-the-way corner of the world. Each year the government sends a company of French players to Saigon for the entertainment of the Frenchmen who are obliged to live there. We sailed that night on the tramp steamer for Cochin-China.

The Freedom of the City

We played five nights in Saigon, and as we did not have to pay for the use of the government theater the engagement was very profitable. Nor did the newspapers charge us for advertising, and even the landlord of the hotel did not want us to pay for board and lodging. Indeed everybody seemed delighted that we had stopped at their little settlement, which is off the beaten track of the tourist and seldom visited by traveling companies. Saigon itself is a beautiful town, a miniature edition of Paris.

Our next stand was Java, and we changed boats at Singapore for Batavia. Going into Singapore was like going into a new world. We had left the Chinese, the Japs, the French and the Portuguese behind us, and now the Malay and the East Indian predominated.

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We had booked the Schemberg Theater in Batavia, and gave the show in German. The audience was delighted, and we played to capacity business the rest of the week. We gave a performance for children Saturday morning, as the weather was too hot for the usual afternoon performance.

Enter the Sultan

Our plan was to play one week in Batavia, go to the other end of the island by boat, and play the small towns back to Batavia by rail. We booked passage on a Dutch steamer that left Batavia on Sunday morning for Surabaya.

At Surabaya, as usual, old Daddy Lyons, in his white suit and pith helmet and flashy yellow sash wrapped in several folds about his waist, met us at the wharf. We hastily unloaded the baggage and with twenty ox carts in single file we paraded the streets to the theater. The whole town turned out to see the sight.

We played a week in Surabaya, during which time several "muck runners" were captured. So it was with a feeling of relief that we started out on the railroad journey for Batavia. At Surakarta, the native capital of Java, where the Sultan lives, we gave three performances in a very pretty little theater. On the third night the Sultan and his court attended the performance.

Early that afternoon a retinue of servants brought to the theater many cart loads of beautiful silk carpets, rugs and richly colored bunting. They draped the front of the theater with the bunting and laid the silken rugs on the sidewalk. They decorated the inside of the theater until it was a riot of brilliant colors.

Sharply at nine-thirty there was a fan-fare of trumpets outside, and a huge carriage drawn by six white horses drew up to the door. The Sultan stepped out and passed into the theater between lines of his soldiers. He was followed by his secretary, his man in waiting, and bearers of the royal sword, the royal snuff-box, the royal walking stick, and the royal fan. In fact, there were eight or ten grotesque characters dressed in outlandish garments, each bearing some object which their royal lord and master might have occasion to use. Preceding the procession stalked the court jester, a dwarf about four feet tall. His black, ugly face was painted red, yellow and white. He wore a coat of many colors, long red slippers, turned up at the toes, and carried a staff with a small bundle of red cloth tied at one end. On his head was something that looked much like a battered brass kettle. As I was being introduced to the Sultan the jester knocked off his brass headplate, stumbled over his own feet, rolled over on the floor, got up and kow-towed before His Highness. The Sultan laughed gently; and instantly all the attendants laughed.

The Sultan turned to me and said in excellent English:

"This fellow pleases my attendants. It is a custom of the country. I dare say you think it absurd." Before I could reply, he added, "I know you do, and I agree with you."

As I shook hands with His Highness after the performance he asked me to lunch with him at his palace the next day. The Sultan's palace is surrounded by three great stone walls. We drove to the gate of the first wall, and after considerable talk, I induced the keeper of the gate to allow us to enter. Fifty feet ahead another wall. We circled to the right until we came to another gate. Entering the gate, we were confronted by a third similar wall. Driving to the right for half a circle, we entered the third gate and before us was a beautiful marble building.

I ascended the steps and looked in cautiously. I had never seen such a beautiful foyer hall. It was built entirely of marble and gold. There was not a sound to be heard. I walked cautiously through the hall, and looked into a door at my left. It was siesta time and I had my first view of a Sultan's harem in repose. About forty girls were sleeping on silken rugs and pillows. Instantly I knew I was in a forbidden place. I lingered, however, for fully a minute, looking at these Oriental beauties, peacefully slumbering with maid-servants waving palm-leaf fans above their bodies. One of the maids saw me and screamed.

Immediately there was a commotion which I shall never forget. It seemed that everyone in the room screamed at the same time. Each girl covered her face with the single silk cloth that clothed her body—regardless!

Three sleepy guards stumbled from the door at the right. I could read the astonishment in their faces. I fully expected they would rush upon me, but to my surprise they stood at attention, and at that moment a voice came from the same room, evidently from one in authority. Then the speaker appeared. With much difficulty I explained that I was invited to lunch with the Sultan.

Courteously he conducted me out of the building, through a beautiful garden to a luxuriously appointed house which resembled a wealthy home in England. I was cordially received by the Sultan. My guide explained, in Javanese, my mistaken entrance to the harem.

My *faux pas* seemed to amuse His Highness, and he said:

"Those fellows are always sleeping. They should have been on duty."

The Sultan showed much interest in America, and asked me many questions about our business and social life.

He invited me to attend the celebration of the birthday of Queen Wilhelmina, at the Dutch government house in Batavia, the following week.

Mr. Washington of America

It was customary on these occasions for the government to provide amusements for the natives. I made my way through the crowd to the gate of the government grounds. It was guarded and I attempted to pass the soldiers. I paid no attention to the objections of the guard, and was about to force my way through the gates when two soldiers jumped in front of me with pointed bayonets. A gentleman in evening dress near by seeing the situation, interjected, with a Dutch accent:

"Who are you?"

Feeling that I would have difficulty in explaining my identity, I took a large envelope from my coat pocket, and holding it high in the air, exclaimed:

"George Washington of America!"

My challenger instantly made a profound bow. The bayonets were lowered, and the soldiers presented arms as I entered the grounds.

This incident seemed to cement the friendship between the Sultan and myself, and he insisted that I entertain the party with my magic.

On the whole, the trip through Java was successful so far as money was concerned. But even had we failed, I should have been satisfied. As a picturesque experience it was worth more than money.

The next day we packed the baggage aboard a tramp steamer at Batavia, and set out on this wanderer of the seas for Singapore. Once more I was on my way.

(*To be continued next week*)

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Summer Lightning

Continued from page 17

he had placed his trust in the thought that true love conquers all obstacles; that coldness melts; that sundered hearts may at long last be brought together again by a little judicious pleading and reasoning.

But this was final. This was the end. This put the tin hat on it. She was engaged to Ronnie. Soon she would be married to Ronnie. Like a gadfly the hideous thought sent Hugo Carmody reeling on through the gloom.

It was so dark now that he could scarcely see before him. And, looking about him, he discovered that the reason for this was that he had made his way into a wood of sorts. There were trees against which he bumped, and logs over which he tripped. And ahead of him, in a small clearing, there was a dilapidated-looking cottage. He noticed this because it seemed the sort of place where a man, now that a warm, gusty wind had sprung up, might take shelter and light a cigarette. The need for tobacco had become imperative.

HE WAS surprised to find that it was raining, and had apparently, from the state of his clothes, been raining for quite some time. It was also thundering. The storm had broken, and the boom of it seemed to be all round him. A flash of lightning reminded him that he was in just the kind of place, among all these trees, where blokes got struck. At dinner-time they are missed, and later on search-parties come out with lanterns. Somebody stumbles over something soft, and the rays of the lantern fall on a charred and blackened form. Here, quickly, we have found him! Where? Over here. Is *that* Hugo Carmody? Well, well! Pick him up, boys, and bring him along. He was a good chap once. Moody, though, of late. Some trouble about a girl, wasn't it? She will be sorry when she hears of this. Drove him to it, you might almost say. Steady with that stretcher. Now, when I say "*To* me." Right!

There was something about this picture which quite cheered Hugo up. Ajax defied the lightning. Hugo Carmody rather encouraged it than otherwise. He looked approvingly at a more than usually vivid flash that seemed to dart among the tree-tops like a snake. All the same, he was forced to reflect, he was getting dashed wet. No sense, when you came right down to it, in getting dashed wet. After all, a man could be struck by lightning just as well in that cottage sort of place over there. Ho! for the cottage, felt Hugo, and headed for it at a gallop.

He had just reached the door, when it was flung open. There was a noise rather like that made by a rising pheasant, and the next moment something white had flung itself into his arms and was weeping emotionally on his chest.

"Hugo! Hugo, darling!"

Reason told Hugo it could scarcely be Millicent who was clinging to him like this and speaking to him like this. And yet Millicent it most certainly appeared to be. She continued to speak in the same friendly, even chatty strain.

"Hugo! Save me!"

"Right ho!"

"I wur-wur-went in thur-thur-there for shush-shush-shelter from the rain and it's all pitch dark."

Hugo squeezed her fondly and with the sort of relief that comes to men who find themselves squeezing where they had not thought to squeeze. No need for that snappy bit of talking now. No need for arguments and explanations, for pleadings and entreaties. No need for anything but good biceps.

If this melting mood was due to the fact that Millicent, while in the cottage, had seen a ghost, Hugo wanted to meet that ghost and shake its hand. Every man likes to be in a position to say "There, there, little woman!" to the girl of his heart, particularly if for the last few days she has been treating him like a more than ordinarily unpleasant worm, and Hugo Carmody felt he was in that position now.

"There, there!" he said, not quite feeling up to risking the "little woman." "It's all right."

"But it tut-tut-tut . . ."

"It what?" said Hugo puzzled.

"It tut-tut-tut—isn't. There's a man in there!"

"A man?"

"Yes. I didn't know there was anyone there and it was pitch dark and I heard something move and I said 'Who's that?' and then he suddenly spoke to me in German."

"In German?"

"Yes."

Hugo released her gently. His face was determined.

"I'm going in to have a look."

"Hugo! Stop! You'll be killed."

She stood there, rigid. The rain lashed about her, but she did not heed it. The lightning gleamed. She paid it no attention. For the minute that lasts an hour she waited, straining her ears for sounds of the death-struggle.

"I say, Millicent."

"Hugo! Are you all right?"

"Yes. I'm all right. I say, Millicent, do you know what?"

"No, what?"

A chuckle came to her through the darkness.

"It's the pig."

"It's what?"

"The pig."

"Who's a pig?"

"This is. Your friend in here. It's Empress of Blandings, as large as life. Come and have a look."

MILLICENT had a look. She came to the door of the cottage and peered in. Yes, just as he had said, there was the Empress. In the feeble light of the match which Hugo was holding, the noble animal's attractive face was peering up at her, questioningly, as if wondering if she might be the bearer of the evening snack which would be so welcome. The picture was one which would have set Lord Emsworth screaming with joy. Millicent merely gaped.

"How on earth did she get here?"

"That's what I'm going to find out," said Hugo. "One always knew she must be cached somewhere, of course. What is this place, anyway?"

"It used to be a gamekeeper's cottage, I believe."

"Well, there seems to be a room up above," said Hugo, striking another match. "I'm going to go up there and wait. It's quite likely that somebody will be along soon to feed the animal, and I'm going to see who it is."

"Yes, that's what we'll do. How clever of you!"

"Not you. You get back home."

"I won't."

There was a pause. A strong man would, no doubt, have asserted himself. But Hugo, though feeling better than he had done for days, was not feeling quite so strong as all that.

"Just as you like." He shut the door. "Well, come on. We'd better be making a move. The fellow may be here at any moment."

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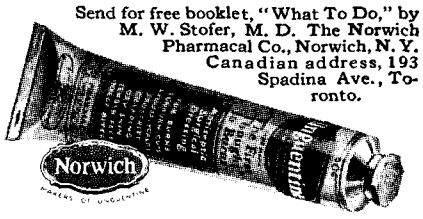

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They climbed the crazy stairs and lowered themselves cautiously to a floor which smelled of mice and mildew. Below, all was in darkness, but there were holes through which it would be possible to look when the time should come for looking. Millicent could feel one near her face.

"You don't think this floor will give way?" she asked rather nervously.

"I shouldn't think so. Why?"

"Well, I don't want to break my neck."

"You don't, don't you? Well, I would jolly well like to break mine," said Hugo, speaking tensely in the darkness. It had just occurred to him that now would be a good time for a heart-to-heart talk. "If you suppose I'm keen on going on living with you and Ronnie doing the Wedding Glide all over the place, you're dashed well mistaken. I take it you're aware that you've broken my bally heart, what?"

"Oh, Hugo!" said Millicent.

Silence fell. Below, the Empress rustled. Aloft, something scuttered.

"Oh!" cried Millicent. "Was that a rat?"

"I hope so."

"What!"

"Rats gnaw you," explained Hugo. "They cluster round and chew you to the bone and put an end to your misery."

There was silence again. Then Millicent spoke in a small voice.

"You're being beastly," she said.

Remorse poured over Hugo in a flood.

"I'm frightfully sorry. Yes, I know I am, dash it. But, look here, you know . . . I mean, all this getting engaged to Ronnie. A bit thick, what? You don't expect me to give three hearty cheers, do you? Wouldn't want me to break into a few care-free dance-steps?"

"I can't believe it's really happened."

"Well, how did it happen?"

"It sort of happened all of a sudden. I was feeling miserable and very angry with you and . . . and all that. And Ronnie took me for a stroll and we went down by the lake and started throwing little bits of stick at the swans, and suddenly Ronnie sort of grunted and said 'I say!' and I said 'Hullo?' and he said 'Will you marry me?' and I said 'All right,' and he said 'I ought to warn you, I despise all women,' and I said 'And I loathe all men' and he said 'Right-o, I think we shall be very happy.'"

"I see."

"I only did it to score off you."

"You succeeded."

A trace of spirit crept into Millicent's voice.

"You never really loved me," she said. "You know jolly well you didn't."

"Is that so?"

"Well, what did you want to go sneaking off to London for then, and stuffing that beastly girl of yours with food?"

"She isn't my girl. And she isn't beastly."

"She is."

"Well, you seem to get on with her all right. I saw you chatting on the terrace together as cosily as dammit."

"What!"

"Miss Schoonmaker."

"I don't know what you're talking about. What's Miss Schoonmaker got to do with it?"

"Miss Schoonmaker isn't Miss Schoonmaker. She's Sue Brown."

FOR a moment it seemed to Millicent that the crack in her companion's heart had spread to his head. Futile though the action was, she stared into the darkness from which his voice had proceeded. Then, suddenly, his words took on a meaning. She gasped.

"She's followed you down here!"

"She hasn't followed me down here. She's followed Ronnie down here. Can't you get it into your nut," said Hugo with justifiable exasperation, "that you've been making floaters and bloom-

(*Continued on page 54*)

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Cal-o-cide FOOT REMEDY

(*Continued from page 53*)

ers and getting everything mixed up all along? Sue Brown has never cared a curse for me, and I've never thought anything about her, except that she's a jolly girl and nice to dance with. That's absolutely and positively the only reason I went out with her.

"I hadn't had a dance for six weeks and my feet had begun to itch so that I couldn't sleep at night. So I went to London and took her out and Ronnie found her talking to that pestilence Pilbeam and thought he had taken her out and she had told him she didn't even know the man, which was quite true, but Ronnie cut up rough and said he was through with her and came down here and she wanted to get a word with him, so she came down here, pretending to be Miss Schoonmaker, and the moment she gets here she finds Ronnie is engaged to you. A nice surprise for the poor girl!"

MILLICENT'S head had begun to swim long before the conclusion of this recital.

"But what is Pilbeam doing down here?"

"Pilbeam?"

"He was on the terrace talking to her."

A low snarl came through the darkness.

"Pilbeam here? Ah! So he came, after all, did he? He's the fellow Lord Emsworth sent me to, about the Empress. He runs the Argus Inquiry Agency. It was Pilbeam's minions that dogged my steps that night, at your request. So he's here, is he? Well, let him enjoy himself while he can. Let him sniff the country air while the sniffing is good. A bitter reckoning awaits that bloke."

From the disorder of Millicent's mind another point emerged, insistently demanding explanation.

"You said she wasn't pretty!"

"Who?"

"Sue Brown."

"Nor is she."

"You don't call her pretty? She's fascinating."

"Not to me," said Hugo doggedly. "There's only one girl in the world that I call pretty, and she's going to marry Ronnie." He paused. "If you haven't realized by this time that I love you and always shall love you and have never loved anybody else and never shall love anybody else, you're a fathead. If you brought me Sue Brown or any other girl in the world on a plate with watercress round her, I wouldn't so much as touch her hand."

Another rat—unless it was an exceptionally large mouse—had begun to make its presence felt in the darkness. It seemed to be enjoying an early dinner off a piece of wood. Millicent did not even notice it. She had reached out, and her hand had touched Hugo's arm. Her fingers closed on it desperately.

"Oh, Hugo!" she said.

The arm became animated. It clutched her, drew her along the mouse-and-mildew scented floor. And time stood still.

Hugo was the first to break the silence.

"And to think that not so long ago I was wishing that a flash of lightning would strike me amidships!" he said.

The aroma of mouse and mildew had passed away. Violets seemed to be spreading their fragrance through the cottage. Violets and roses. The rat, a noisy feeder, had changed into an orchestra of harps, dulcimers and sackbuts that played soft music.

And then, jarring upon these sweet strains, there came the sound of the cottage door opening. And a moment later light shone through the holes in the floor.

Millicent gave Hugo's arm a warning pinch. They looked down. On the floor below stood a lantern, and beside it a man of massive build who, from the gulping noises that floated upward, appeared to be giving the Empress those calories and proteins which a pig of her dimensions requires so often and in such large quantities.

This Good Samaritan had been stooping. Now he straightened himself and looked about him with an apprehensive eye. He raised the lantern, and its light fell upon his face.

And, as she saw that face, Millicent, forgetting prudence, uttered in a high, startled voice a single word:

"Beach!"

Down below, the butler stood congealed. It seemed to him that the Voice of Conscience had spoken.

Conscience, besides having a musical voice, appeared also to be equipped with feet. Beach could hear them clattering down the stairs, and the volume of noise was so great that it seemed as if Conscience must be a centipede. But he did not stir. It would have required at that moment a derrick to move him, and there was no derrick in the gamekeeper's cottage in the West Wood.

He was still standing like a statue when Hugo and Millicent arrived. Only when the identity of the newcomers impressed itself on his numbed senses did his limbs begin to twitch and show some signs of relaxing. For he looked on Hugo as a friend. Hugo, he felt, was one of the few people in his world who, finding him in his present questionable position, might be expected to take the broad and sympathetic view.

He nerved himself to speak.

"Good evening, sir. Good evening, miss."

"What's all this?" said Hugo.

Years ago, in his hot and reckless youth, Beach had once heard that question from the lips of a policeman. It had disconcerted him then. It disconcerted him now.

"Well, sir," he replied.

Millicent was staring at the Empress, who, after one courteous look of inquiry at the intruders, had given a brief grunt of welcome and returned to the agenda.

"*You* stole her, Beach? *You!*"

The butler quivered. He had known this girl since her long-hair-and-rompers days. She had sported in his pantry. He had cut elephants out of paper for her and taught her tricks with bits of string. The shocked note in her voice seared him like vitriol. To her, he felt, niece to the Earl of Emsworth and trained by his lordship from infancy in the best traditions of pig-worship, the theft of the Empress must seem the vilest of crimes. He burned to reëstablish himself in her eyes.

THERE comes in the life of every conspirator a moment when loyalty to his accomplices wavers before the urge to make things right for himself. We can advance no more impressive proof of the nobility of the butler's soul than that he did not obey this impulse. Millicent's accusing eyes were piercing him, but he remained true to his trust. Mr. Ronald had sworn him to secrecy; and even to square himself he could not betray him.

And, as if by way of a direct reward from Providence for this sterling conduct, inspiration descended upon Beach.

"Yes, miss," he replied.

"Oh, Beach!"

"Yes, miss. It was I who stole the animal. I did it for your sake, miss." Hugo eyed him sternly.

"Beach," he said, "this is pure applesauce."

"Sir?"

"Applesauce, I repeat. Why endeavor to swing the lead, Beach? What do you mean, you stole the pig for her sake?"

"Yes," said Millicent, "why for my sake?"

The butler was calm now. He had constructed his story, and he was going to stick to it.

"In order to remove the obstacles in your path, miss."

"Obstacles?"

"Owing to the fact that you and Mr. Carmody have frequently intrusted me with your—may I say surreptitious—correspondence, I have long been cognizant of your sentiments toward one another, miss. I am aware that it is your desire to contract a union with Mr. Carmody, and I knew that there would be objections raised on the part of certain members of the family."

"So far," said Hugo critically, "this sounds to me like drivel of the purest water. But go on."

"Thank you, sir. And then it occurred to me that, were his lordship's pig to disappear, his lordship would, on recovering the animal, be extremely grateful to whoever restored it. It was my intention to apprise you of the animal's whereabouts, and suggest that you should inform his lordship that you had discovered it. In his gratitude, I fancied, his lordship would consent to the union."

THERE could never be complete silence in any spot where the Empress of Blandings was partaking of food; but something as near silence as was possible followed this speech. In the rays of the lantern Hugo's eyes met Millicent's. In hers, as in his, there was a look of stunned awe.

"Beach," cried Millicent, "you're an angel!"

"Thank you, miss."

"A topper!" agreed Hugo.

"Thank you, sir."

"However did you get such a corking idea?"

"It came to me, miss."

"I'll tell you what it is, Beach," said Hugo earnestly. "When you hand in your dinner-pail in due course of time—and may the moment be long distant!—you've got to leave your brain to the nation. You've simply got to. Have it pickled and put in the British Museum, because it's the outstanding brain of the country. I never heard of anything so brilliant in my puff. Of course the old boy will be all over us."

"He'll do anything for us," said Millicent.

"This is not merely a scheme. It is more. It is an egg. Pray silence for your chairman. I want to think."

Outside, the storm had passed. Birds were singing. Far away, the thunder still rumbled. It might have been the sound of Hugo's thoughts, leaping and jostling one another.

"I've worked it all out," said Hugo at length. "Some people might say: Rush to the old boy now and tell him we've found his pig. I say, no. In my opinion we ought to hold this pig for a rising market. The longer we wait, the more grateful he will be. Give him another forty-eight hours, I suggest, and he will have reached the stage where he will deny us nothing."

"Then we'll leave the Empress here?"

"No," said Hugo decidedly. "This place doesn't strike me as safe. If we found her here, anybody might. We require a new safe-deposit, and I know the very one. It's . . ."

Beach came out of the silence. His manner betrayed agitation.

"If it is all the same to you, sir, I would much prefer not to hear it."

"Eh?"

"It would be a great relief to me, sir, to be able to expunge the entire matter from my mind. I have been

(*Continued on page 56*)

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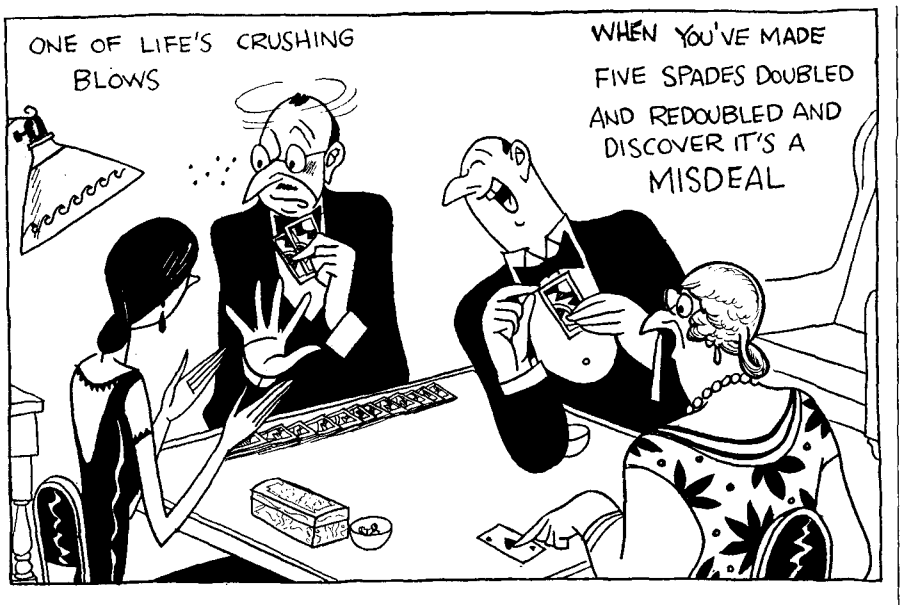

Don't let Contract scare you

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

OUR series of articles on Contract bidding now reaches the subject of Suit-Bids.

For a suit-bid of one the requirement is four highly probable tricks, at least two of which are high-card tricks; for a suit-bid of two, six highly probable tricks, of which at least three are high-card tricks; for a suit-bid of three, a hand of such strength that a jump to four is desired if the partner have one highly probable trick. A suit-bid of four (in a major) is made with a hand which will make game unassisted (ten tricks) with that major the trump, or will do so with less assistance from the partner than one probable trick—a hand which will produce game if dummy can get in a ruff or has a Queen or Jack that fits with the bidding hand. An original suit-bid of four in a minor is rarely made. A suit-bid of five in a minor would be made with the same holding, increased by one trick as suit-bid of four in a major.

In computing high-card tricks, whether in the suit to be bid or in a side suit, the following equivalent should be used:

HIGH CARDS IN SUIT	HIGH-CARD TRICKS IN SUIT
Ace	1
Ace-King	2
Ace-King-Jack	2 plus
Ace-King-Queen	3
Ace-Queen-Jack	2
Ace-Queen	1 plus
Ace-Jack-Ten	1 plus
King	0 plus
King-Queen	1
King-Queen-Jack	1 plus
King-Jack-Ten	1
Queen-Jack-Ten	1
Queen-Jack-x	0 plus

Two plusses are the full equivalent of one high-card trick.

The total number of tricks (high-card and probable) indicated by an original suit-bid are shown by the following table:

BID OF	HIGH-CARD	OTHER PROBABLE	TOTAL
One	2	2	4
Two	3	3	6
Three			8 plus
Four		(nearly)	10
Five		(practically sure)	11

When computing probable tricks, count 3 for the long cards of a six-card suit, 2 for the long cards of a five-card suit, and (when the hand is strong) 1 for the long card of a four-card suit. Depending upon the fourth card of a four-card suit is the most hazardous of the three.

There are some hands which may come within the limitation of the definition above given, and yet are doubtful for initial suit-bids at Contract. For that reason and because many players have been making suit-bids at Auction which would not be sound at Contract, the following table is given. It includes a list of doubtful hands and indicates which should be bid by dealer and second hand, and which should be passed.

In one or two cases a bid is recommended for second hand and not for dealer.

List of Doubtful Hands for Initial Suit-Bids*

CARDS IN SUIT	OTHER HIGH-CARD TRICKS	DECLARATION
A-K-Q-x	None	**
A-K-J-x	1	Bid***
A-K-x-x	1	Bid
A-Q-J-x	1	Bid
A-Q-x-x	1	Pass
K-Q-J-x	1	**
K-Q-x-x	1	Pass
K-J-10-x	1	Pass
A-J-10-x	1	Pass
A-K-x-x-x	None	Bid
A-Q-J-x-x	None	Pass
A-J-x-x-x	1	**
A-x-x-x-x	1	Pass

* For dealer or second hand; third and fourth hand should pass in *all* cases given.

** Second hand should bid; dealer should pass.

*** With one side trick as shown, either dealer or second hand should bid; with only a side King, dealer should pass but second hand should bid.

THE following hands will illustrate the principles of suit-bidding in Contract:

	(1)	(2)
S.	A-Q-x-x-x	A-x-x-x
H.	A-x-x	A-K-x-x-x-x
D.	x-x-x	x-x
C.	x-x	x
	(3)	(4)
S.	A-K-Q-x-x-x	A-K
H.	A-Q-J-x	K-Q-J-x-x-x
D.	x-x	K-Q-10-x
C.	x	x

With No. 1, a suit-bid of one should be made by either dealer or second hand. It has two sure high-card tricks with the chance of another, and also two probable low-card tricks.

No. 2 justifies a bid of two. It has exactly three high-card tricks and three reasonably sure low-card tricks, with a chance for one more.

No. 3 illustrates a sound three-bid. It has eight sure tricks plus distinct possibilities and is a hand with which a jump to four is desired from partner, if partner have one trick.

No. 4 is the type of hand with which a major game should be bid.

All of the suit-bids above described apply only to original bids by dealer or second hand; one-bids by third or fourth hand require a little additional strength.

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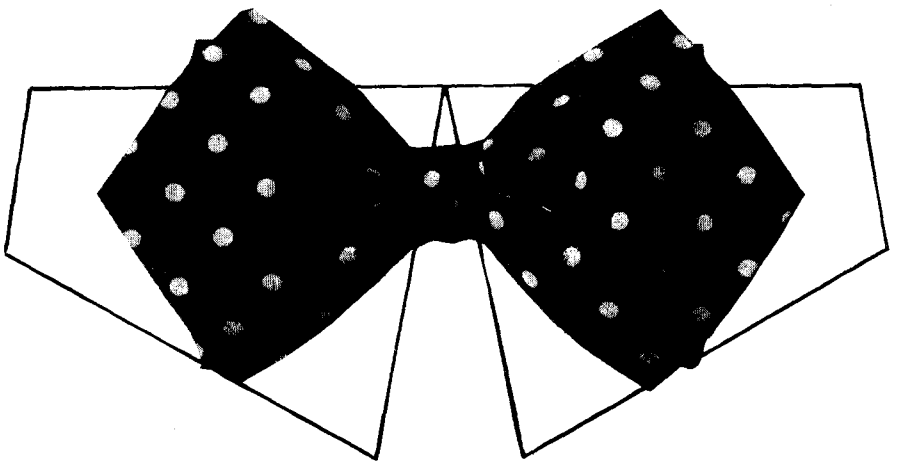

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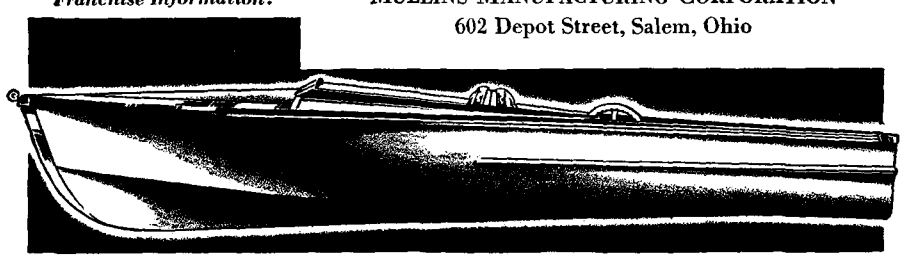

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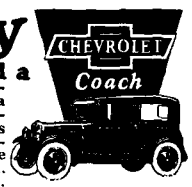

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VIBRAPHONES

Summer Lightning

Continued from page 54

under a considerable mental strain of late, sir, and I really don't think I could bear any more of it. Besides, supposing I were questioned, sir. It may be my imagination, but I have rather fancied from the way he has looked at me occasionally that Mr. Baxter harbors suspicions."

"Baxter always harbors suspicions about something," said Millicent.

"All right, Beach," said Hugo. "After what you have done for us, your lightest wish is law. You can be out of this, if you want to. Though I was going to suggest that, if you cared to go on feeding the animal. . . ."

"No, sir . . . really . . . if you please. . . ."

"Right ho, then. Come along, Millicent. We must be shifting."

"Are you going to take her away now?"

"This very moment. I pass this handkerchief through the handy ring which you observe in the nose and . . . Ho! Allez-oop! Good-by, Beach. It is a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done, I think."

"Good-by, Beach," said Millicent. "I can't tell you how grateful we are."

"I am glad to have given satisfaction, miss. I wish you every success and happiness, sir."

LEFT alone, the butler drew in his breath till he swelled like a balloon, then poured it out again in a long, sighing puff. He picked up the lantern and left the cottage. His walk was the walk of a butler from whose shoulders a great weight has rolled.

"There's a light in thy bow-er," sang Beach.

"A light in thy bower. . . ."

He felt more like a gay young second footman than a butler of years' standing. He listened to the birds with an uplifted heart. Upon the rabbits that sported about his path he bestowed a series of indulgent smiles. The shadow that had darkened his life had passed away. His conscience was at rest.

So completely was this so that when, on reaching the house, he was informed by Footman James that Lord Emsworth had been inquiring for him and desired his immediate presence in the library, he did not even tremble. A brief hour ago, and what menace this announcement would have seemed to him to hold! But now it left him calm. It was with some little difficulty that, as he mounted the stairs, he kept himself from resuming his song.

"Er—Beach."

"Your lordship?"

The butler now became aware that his employer was not alone. Dripping in an unpleasant manner on the carpet, for he seemed somehow to have got himself extremely wet, stood the Efficient Baxter. Beach regarded him with a placid eye. What was Baxter to him or he to Baxter now?

"Your lordship?" he said again, for Lord Emsworth appeared to be experiencing some difficulty in continuing the conversation.

"Eh? What? What? Oh, yes."

The ninth Earl braced himself with a visible effort.

"Er—Beach."

"Your lordship?"

"I—er—I sent for you, Beach . . ."

"Yes, your lordship?"

At this moment Lord Emsworth's eye fell on a volume on the desk dealing with diseases of pigs. He seemed to draw strength from it.

"Beach," he said, in quite a crisp, masterful voice, "I sent for you because Mr. Baxter has made a remarkable charge against you. Most extraordinary."

"I should be glad to be acquainted with the gravamen of the accusation, your lordship."

"The what?" asked Lord Emsworth, starting.

"If your lordship would be kind enough to inform me of the substance of Mr. Baxter's charge?"

"Oh, the substance? Yes. You mean the substance? Precisely. Quite so. The substance. Yes, to be sure. Quite so. Yes. Exactly. No doubt."

"What is it that Mr. Baxter says, your lordship?"

"Eh? Oh, tell him, Baxter. Yes, tell him, dash it."

The Efficient Baxter moved a step closer and began to drip on another part of the carpet. His spectacles gleamed determinedly. Here was no stammering, embarrassed Peer of the Realm, but a man who knew his own mind and could speak it.

"I followed you up to the gamekeeper's cottage in the West Wood just now, Beach."

"Sir?"

"You heard what I said."

"Undoubtedly, sir. But I fancied I must be mistaken. I have not been to the spot you mention, sir."

"I saw you with my own eyes.

"I can only repeat my asseveration, sir," said the butler with a saintly meekness.

Lord Emsworth, who had taken another look at Ailments in Pigs, became brisk again.

"He says he peeped through the window, dash it."

Beach raised a respectful eyebrow. It was as if he had said that it was not his place to comment on the pastimes of the Castle's guest, however childish.

"And you were in there," he says, "feeding the Empress."

"Your lordship?"

"And you were in there. . . . Dash it, you heard."

"I beg your pardon, your lordship, but I really fail to comprehend."

"Well, if you want it in a nutshell: Mr. Baxter says it was you who stole my pig."

THERE were few things in the world that the butler considered worth raising both eyebrows at. This was one of the few. He stood for a moment, exhibiting them to Lord Emsworth: then turned to Baxter, so that he could see them, too. This done, he lowered them and permitted about three-eighths of a smile to play for a moment about his lips.

"Might I speak frankly, your lordship?"

"Dash it, man, we want you to speak frankly. That's the whole idea. That's why I sent for you. We want a full confession and the name of your accomplice and all that sort of thing."

"I hesitate only because what I should like to say may possibly give offense to Mr. Baxter, your lordship, which would be the last thing I should desire."

The prospect of offending the Efficient Baxter which caused such concern to Beach appeared to disturb his lordship not at all.

"Get on. Say what you like."

"Well, then, your lordship, I think it possible that Mr. Baxter, if he will pardon my saying so, may have been suffering from an hallucination."

"Tchah!" said the Efficient Baxter.

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"You mean he's potty?" said Lord Emsworth, struck with the idea.

"Really, Lord Emsworth!"

"Oh, I'm not saying you are, my dear fellow. Only . . ."

"It is quite obvious to me," said Baxter stiffly, "that this man is lying. Wait!" he continued, raising a hand. "Are you prepared to come with his lordship and me to the cottage now, at this very moment, and let his lordship see for himself?"

"No, sir."

"Ha!"

"I should first," said Beach, "wish to go downstairs and get my hat."

"Quite right," agreed Lord Emsworth cordially. "Very sensible. Might catch a nasty cold in the head. Certainly get your hat, Beach, and meet us at the front door."

"Very good, your lordship."

A bystander, observing the little party that was gathered some five minutes later on the gravel outside the great door of Blandings Castle, would have noticed about it a touch of chill, a certain restraint. None of its three members seemed really in the mood for a ramble through the woods. Beach, though courtly, was not cordial. The face under his bowler hat was the face of a good man misjudged. Baxter was eyeing the sullen sky as though he suspected it of something. As for Lord Emsworth, he had just become conscious that he was about to accompany through dark and deserted ways one who, though on this afternoon's evidence the trend of his tastes seemed to be toward suicide, might quite possibly become homicidal.

"One moment," said Lord Emsworth.

He scuttled into the house again, and came out looking happier. He was carrying a stout walking-stick with an ivory knob on it.

(To be continued next week)

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P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY

Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y.

6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2 Published at Springfield, Ohio

Thomas H. Beck *President* — **George J. Kennedy** *Vice President* — **William P. Larkin** *Vice President* — **Albert E. Winger** *Treasurer*

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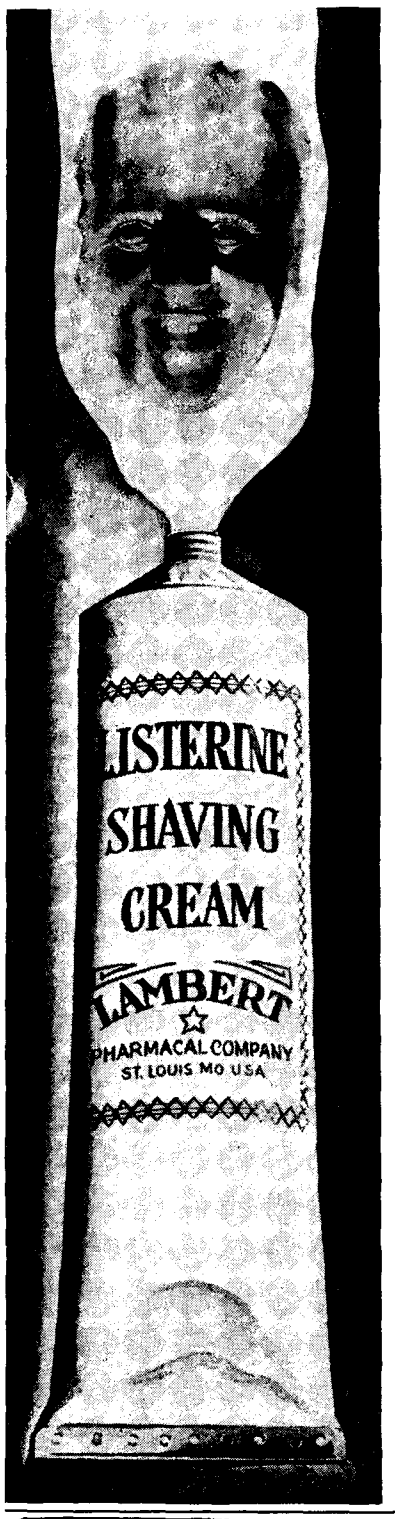

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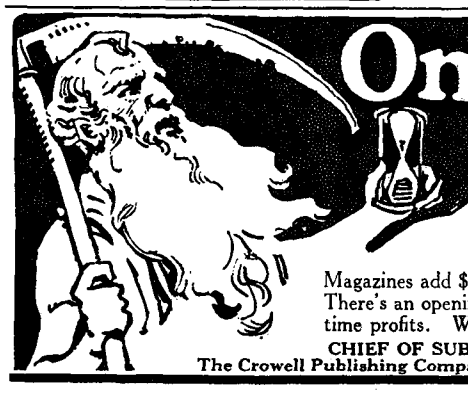

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor

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When the Laws Decay

"A SURPRISING number of our people, otherwise of responsibility in the community, have drifted into the extraordinary notion that laws are made for those who choose to obey them."

Contrast these words of President Hoover with the following statement attributed to an ancient French lawyer:

"Let the law never be contradictory to custom; for if the custom is good, the law is worthless."

President Hoover, with admirable earnestness, in two speeches has called public attention to the breakdown of law and the rise of crime in this country. No problem presses harder for solution. The President is entitled to the support of all decent citizens in his crusade against crime.

It is necessary, however, to see a problem clearly before solution is possible and there is much confusion in Mr. Hoover's statement.

The notion that laws are made for those who choose to obey them is not, as the President suggested, extraordinary. On the contrary, it is fundamental. Laws have force because people do choose to obey them.

Laws are but the legal ratifications of customs. Their sanctity depends on the extent to which they reflect the popular will. Where there is no diversity of opinion the law is strong. Where there is diversity of opinion the law is weak. When a majority is against the law it has no force whatever.

AT ALL TIMES AND AMONG ALL PEOPLES LAWS HAVE BEEN OBEYED OR DISREGARDED ACCORDING AS THE PARTICULAR LAW REFLECTED THE RULING WISH OF THE PEOPLE.

Our separate life as a republic began because Americans did not choose to obey laws passed by the British Parliament. The United States exists because Americans of 1774 acted on the extraordinary notion that laws are made for those who choose to obey them.

The statute books of the states are heavy with laws which the American people do not choose to obey.

Laws regarding Sabbath observance are honored only where a dominant majority chooses to obey them. Laws regulating motor traffic are obeyed only in so far as observance seems reasonable to traffic officers and to motorists.

On the other hand, universal public opinion condemns such acts as murder or robbery. When such crimes are committed only the weakness or the corruption of the government stands between the offender and punishment.

IT IS UNREASONABLE TO SAY THAT THOSE WHO VIOLATE ONE LAW WILL WITH EQUAL UNCONCERN COMMIT OTHER CRIMES. Sunday golf is not comparable to forgery. Driving a car beyond the statutory speed limit, a universal custom in most states, does not imply a disrespect for law. It merely advertises the impracticability of a particular traffic rule.

Yet it is true that in this country more than anywhere else in the highly civilized world we flout the laws we enact.

The reason is that we pass too many laws which do not express the matured will of the community or the nation.

A political group obtains a legislative majority and forthwith puts its policy upon the statute books. The resulting laws are enforced or disregarded according as public opinion sanctions them.

After the Civil War the radicals in control of the Washington administration compelled the amending of the constitution with the purpose of according full political equality to the liberated slaves.

Those amendments and the laws which followed did not express the sober opinion of a majority in the states affected. Consequently the people chose not to obey them.

From the early nineteenth century onward groups opposed to organized business have passed law after law intended to forbid and to prevent the development of large corporations and trusts.

The Sherman Anti-Trust Law was typical of these attempts. Yet business has continued during a century and longer to seek larger and larger forms. ANTI-TRUST LAWS HAVE HAD NO MORE REAL EFFECT UPON THE SIZE OF BUSINESS THAN KING CANUTE HAD UPON THE WAVES.

Human nature is stronger than any law which men write. In general men and women govern their conduct in accordance with the ideas and customs which their community approves.

If the law is wisely drawn to coincide with generally approved ideas and customs, the majority choose to obey it. Those opposed, if few enough, can be whipped into line, or sent to prison, or hung, or treated in any other fashion which public sentiment suggests. If the offense is appalling and the government is frail or dishonest, vigilance committees are formed and the people themselves give sanction to their ideas of right. But if the law isn't approved, it dies.

The trouble now is that we have too many laws which too many people don't choose to obey.

Maybe in a perfect world people would obey a law they despised until it was repealed. In our quite imperfect world it is the custom to take short cuts and by hook and crook to evade the laws not upheld by public opinion.

Laws are never respected merely because they are written in the statute books. Intelligent lawmakers and administrators, moreover, bestir themselves to repeal those statutes which experience shows decent people ignore.

For when large bodies of responsible people rebel against a particular law, HISTORY OFTEN CONCLUDES THAT THE LAW, AND NOT THE PEOPLE, WAS AT FAULT.

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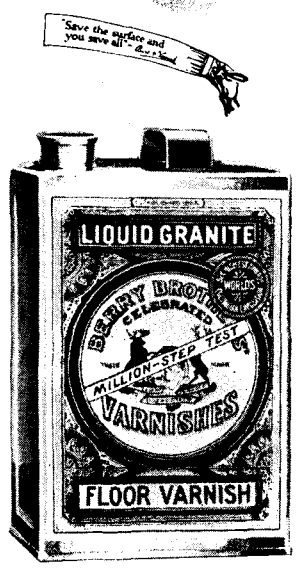

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